THE NATION

AUGUST 2, 1958 . . 25c

FROM BEACH TO SUMMIT

ANARCHY of the JUNGLE *Geoffrey Barraclough*

THE KINGS DEPART *Harvey O'Connor*

IRAQ'S EXPLOSIVE OIL *Charles Edmundson*

SUCH a LITTLE COUNTRY *Carleton Beals*

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LETTERS

Verdict on Churchill

Dear Sirs: Georg Mann's article "Churchill: The Last Hussar" [July 5] will doubtless be closer to the verdict of posterity than the adulatory ravings with which we have been so long afflicted. War has been the essence of Churchill's life. It is evident in everything he has ever done—from a boy playing with hundreds of toy soldiers, to a youth spreading a map of the world on the floor to see where there was a war he could get into, to the day his country entered the most terrible of all wars, when he took his place in Parliament with "a very strong sense of calm."

The tragedy for England is that, in the early days of this century, when the world, particularly Africa, could have benefited so much from British colonial genius, Churchill entered into the great swindle, fostered by the Francophiles on an unwitting people, that turned British foreign policy back to the bloody days of the Plantagenets.

We are asked to praise Churchill's independence as a back-bencher before World War II. How can an intelligent being do so when it was his intention to plunge Britain into war at every crisis, regardless of how unprepared it was? Even the crisis of August, 1939, was the very worst occasion for intervention. But Churchill, heedless as always of consequences, clamored for war. And the burden, as always, fell upon the people.

JOHN SAMPSON
Chief U. S. Correspondent
London Daily Herald

New York City

Etiology of Schizophrenia

Dear Sirs: The article by Mr. Wakefield in your issue of July 5, hardly does the subject justice. The problem of the etiology of schizophrenia, and the evidence favoring the idea of a chemical etiology, are worthy of much more thorough discussion. I regret particularly that the article was not shown to me before publication; if it had, the errors of fact and of misquotation would have been eliminated.

Some of these errors (in order of occurrence and not of importance) are:

(1) The material I use is not a serum.

(2) The implication that I do not believe that emotional disorders cause metabolic alterations is refuted in my writings.

(3) My disapproval of the multidiscipline approach in *research* does not extend to *development;* that approach is essential in *development.*

(4) Descartes did not define the role of the pineal as the seat of the soul. The belief that it is has been one of the tenets of the Buddhist faith for over 2,000 years.

(5) I do not know what "degenerative" schizophrenia means. I used the term "deteriorated."

(6) The statement that illnesses are "classified medically" is meaningless. They are classified on the basis of pathological, physiological or chemical changes.

(7) The statement that the Harvard Medical School was the first in this country to introduce both phrenology and Freudism is absurd; the statement is a condensed, garbled version of the following: "An evidence of the strong hold that Freudism now has and phrenology formerly had on medical teaching in this country is the fact that members of the faculty of the Harvard Medical School sponsored the introduction of both into this country. Both are hypotheses that cannot be tested, since the entities with which they concern themselves cannot be defined, much less identified."

(8) Medical research per capita in this country is far behind other Western countries *in relation to our standard of living.*

MARK D. ALTSCHULE, M.D.
Boston, Mass.

Seaway Depths

Dear Sirs: David Cort's article, "Seaway To The Midwest," in your June 14 issue, is excellently done. However we did find one noticeable error. The statement ". . . unless somebody moves awfully fast, they will find only ports capable of handling ships of fourteen-foot draught" is incorrect. Enclosed is a chart showing the draughts of Great Lakes ports prepared by the U.S. Army, Corps of Engineers. You will observe that there is no such thing as a fourteen-foot harbor.

LESLIE E. THAL, Manager
Industrial Department
Toledo Area Chamber of Commerce

Toledo, O.

Mr. Cort's Answer

Dear Sirs: No reference was made, as Mr. Thal implies, to "fourteen-foot harbors." The size of the ships was dictated, as Toledo's chart says, by the former fourteen-foot depth of the St. Lawrence Channel and also by the narrow width of the locks. The lake ports that have as high as twenty-six-foot depth are Presque Isle, Two Harbors, Silver Bay and Taconite in Lake Superior, and Gary and Calumet Harbor in Lake Michigan. Toledo claims twenty-five feet. This is not enough.

Another of Toledo's interesting charts shows that Toledo is nearer than New York to Stockholm by sea, and nearer than New Orleans to Barcelona.

DAVID CORT

New York City

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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

WHAT NOW?

THE FIRST phase in the immensely difficult task of liquidating the latest crisis in the Middle East is to secure the early withdrawal of the Marines from Lebanon and the paratroops from Jordan. This can best be done, of course, through negotiation at the United Nations. If agreement cannot be reached through negotiation — if the Security Council, with or without help from the "summit," fails to adopt an acceptable resolution — then we should be prepared to accept the recommendations of the General Assembly. In either case, we will be fortunate to escape formal U.N. censure. But the troops must come out. The longer they remain the more difficult it will be to withdraw them, much less to reverse the disastrous consequences of intervention. Getting them out is always more difficult than sending them in, but the reasons why they should not have been sent in dictate their prompt removal.

"Under the circumstances," the editorials drone on and on, the President had no alternative to intervention. And so he didn't — if he was to adhere to the course which Mr. Dulles had set for American policy in the Middle East. Military intervention was the logical end-result of that policy.

But to state the matter this way, as most of the press is doing, is to give oblique sanction to the President's decision. From the outset we were told, with blithe confidence, that the danger of World War III was "slight," the hazard of Soviet counter-intervention "remote." The assumption may have been justified, but the widespread willingness to accept it is remarkable not only because of the failure of American intelligence in Iraq — need other failures be cited? — but because of the degree of confidence it implies in the calmness and sanity of Soviet leadership. In this sense, Messrs. Eisenhower, Dulles and Nixon (who otherwise don't trust the Russians enough to negotiate even minor matters with them) have exhibited a credulity which is truly alarming. The borders of Lebanon are approximately the same distance from the Soviet Union as the northern border of Guatemala is from Brownsville, Texas. If Soviet forces had "stormed ashore" at the request of the "pro-Communist" Arbenz government to protect the "independence and integrity" of Guatemala, the righteously hysterical reaction that would have been set off in this country need not be described. "Under the circumstances," therefore, the Administration's willingness to hazard the risk of precipitating World War III by its intervention in Lebanon has the flavor of madness about it. The blind, panicky quality of the decision underscores this impression.

SENDING THE Marines into Lebanon was more than a threat to world peace: it was a heavy blow at the United Nations and the principle of collective security. Apologists have been reduced to the pathetic position of arguing that there was nothing really "illegal" about the action — nothing, that is, if one ignores the spirit and intent of the Charter. Member states agree to refrain from the threat or use of force in "any manner inconsistent with the purpose" of the United Nations. Unilateral intervention cannot be reconciled with these purposes. Lebanon had been encouraged to take its case to the Security Council. While it was pending there, we had no right to intervene. The "request" from Lebanon was predated and held for delivery at our convenience. No "armed attack" had taken place and nothing in the General Assembly's "Peace Through Deeds" resolution authorizes unilateral action against indirect aggression. The case for British intervention is even weaker; Jordan had not appealed to the Security Council and, patently,

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the British are more concerned about Kuwait than they are about Jordan.

To risk World War III in a case in which we had neither U.N. sanction nor the moral support of the organized world community (even excepting the Communist countries), was to exhibit a callous disregard for the decent opinion of mankind. To do so in pursuit of undeclared objectives and in furtherance of no discernible policy was an affront to the intelligence and the conscience of the American people. And this judgment must stand quite apart from any unanticipated benefits that may flow from a summit meeting in or out of the U.N.

IF WE must run the risk of nuclear war, then let it be for purposes which can be defined with clarity and candor. The Marines were not sent to Lebanon to protect American lives. Not one of the 2,500 Americans there had been harmed in weeks of desultory street fighting (much of it "shooting in the air" — reminiscent of the delightful spirit of *Romanoff and Juliet* — intended merely to indicate that no settlement had yet been reached). An airlift could have removed them in a matter of hours or, alternatively, a corporal's guard could have protected them. The crisis in Lebanon, as H. A. R. Philby pointed out in the London *Observer*, was not a rebellion, scarcely even a civil war, but rather "a calculated defiance of authority by at least one-half of the population" — a defiance heedlessly provoked by President Chamoun. A U.N. Observer Group was on the spot to "ensure," in the words of the Security Council, against any illegal infiltration of persons or arms, and the situation was steadily improving. By any reckoning the infiltration could hardly have been "massive"; for two months President Chamoun had held out with at least 50 per cent of the population against him and with only half-hearted support from the Army.

In fact, we didn't bother to assemble or present the evidence of "massive infiltration" until after we had intervened. Either we failed to understand, or chose deliberately to ignore, the Secretary-General's plan of action in Lebanon. The first report of the Observer Group has been dismissed as "myopic and puristic." But isn't it clear, even in this brief retrospect, that the preliminary report could not have been other than extremely circumspect if the observers were to gain access to the remainder of the rebel-held sections? And wasn't it only the most obvious good sense for Mr. Hammarskjold to visit Nasser and seek his help, the more so as elections had been scheduled in Lebanon for July 24?

Nevertheless, the news from Iraq sent us barging into Lebanon before we had received a second report from the observers — before, indeed, we even knew exactly what was happening in Iraq. (Among other absurdities, we had Mr. Lodge publicly lamenting the brutal murder of former Premier and Foreign Minister Fadhil Jamali who, a few days later, turned up in a Baghdad jail, looking a bit downcast but very much alive.) Within two days of our stormy intervention, it was perfectly clear that the Iraq "revolution" had popular backing and that any thought of a Western move into the country was out of the question. Yet for years, now, we have been assured that elaborate precautions were in force to guard against "snap judgments" that might trigger World War III . . .

ONCE THE Marines are out, the United States should, of course, adopt a Middle East policy that has some chance of succeeding. We need not start *ab initio*. At times we have made the right moves. We were moving in the right direction when we gently eased the British out of Suez and, earlier, the French out of Syria and Lebanon. It was largely at our initiative that the State of Israel, which continues to radiate progressive influence throughout the Middle East, was established. We took a wise, far-sighted position at the time of the Suez crisis. Our actions in Tunisia, Morocco and, more recently, in Algeria, reflect an awareness of twentieth-century realities. How then, and why, do we find ourselves today in the position of negating our own values? of citing specious reasons in the U. N. to justify the crassest power politics?

Part of the answer is that American policy-makers have refused to accept the proposition that there can never be any real stability in the Middle East until the Arab peoples are permitted to govern themselves. The regimes we have supported have been misbegotten, corrupt, dictatorial, semi-feudal and fantastically unpopular. But Mr. Dulles and his predecessors found them useful. They were "anti-Communist," they were "reasonable," and they did grant oil concessions. Over the years, the American stake in Middle Eastern oil has grown and, in the process, become closely allied with French, British, Dutch and other interests through a variety of cartel, consortium and joint-stock undertakings. From Mossadegh's action in nationalizing British oil interests in Iran in 1951 to the present time, the oil companies have been haunted by the fear of nationalization. Nationalization implies more than the local loss of profits and control; it threatens the structure of world-wide cartel pricing and marketing agreements. With the oil companies, "stability" has had a special and limited meaning. In their view, the more "popular" the regime, the greater the danger of nationalization. And the oil companies have exerted a great influence on American policy in the Middle East.

But — Mr. Dulles to the contrary — nationalization does not necessarily mean that a source of supply is "lost" to former customers. International shipping still uses the nationalized Suez Canal. The new regime in

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Iraq has announced that it will honor prior agreements, although these agreements will unquestionably be modified (they were, in fact, in process of modification before the coup). It should be plain as day that oil can never be obtained peacefully and efficiently without the cooperation not only of the Middle Eastern governments, but of the peoples as well. "Friendly" sheiks and emirs cannot guarantee continued delivery. Even before the present crisis, unnamed oil-company executives were quoted in the *Wall Street Journal* as saying that their Middle Eastern operations had a limited time expectancy — some said five, some ten years.

Ironically, Anglo-American oil operations have been a prime cause of revolutionary ferment in the Middle East. Arab nationalism has grown in more or less direct ratio to oil exports. Oil has been the key to nearly every coup since the 1920s. What could be more inflammatory than the contrast which oil has brought between opulent luxury and humiliating poverty? between oil-barren and oil-rich Arab states? While huge oil revenues have resulted in some economic progress, the lot of the people has not greatly improved. But of recent years, oil production has brought into being new middle-class elements with whom the nabobs have been unwilling to share wealth or power. These new elements were behind the coup in Iraq. And they can be the key to political stability; power must be more broadly based if oil revenues are to be effectively used to finance social and economic reforms or, for that matter, if the West is to retain an interest in Middle Eastern oil. For there is, as Aneurin Bevan has pointed out, something "arid and outmoded" about the logic of attempting to ensure stability and efficiency of oil production through the use of military force.

ADMITTEDLY there are dangerous aspects to "Nasserism," as there would be wherever a strong "leader" sets out to unify a group of states. Unity, freely-negotiated, is a legitimate aspiration. Jordan, for example, is an isolated, indigent state without meaning or purpose. But the Turks, Iranians, Pakistani and Sudanese, not to mention the Israelis, naturally have misgivings that "Nasserism" could turn out to be military adventurism and little else. Its methods—particularly the reliance on the coup d'état—do not inspire confidence. But the longer this Arab aspiration for unity is balked, the more dangerous it is likely to become. It can be influenced, perhaps decisively, if we will make it possible for the Arab peoples to identify their legitimate aspirations (which do *not* include the destruction of Israel) with American policies. In the long run, a measure of Arab unity is not merely inevitable: it is a precondition to any serious attempt to solve the social and economic problems of the region. And unless we want to let the whole region fall to the Soviets, retaining only a limited influence in Israel, Jordan and Lebanon, we must encourage Arab neutrality. We will only continue to spread Soviet influence in the Middle East if we elect to support a collection of rickety sheikdoms, dynasties and emirates that are destined for the dustbin of history.

But this does not mean that we should suddenly give all-out, uncritical support to Arab nationalism. For one thing, it remains to be seen how cohesive the movement for Arab unity will be once the Arabs seek agreement among themselves on the division of oil revenues; blood may yet prove to be less thick than oil. The only policy we can safely pursue in the Middle East is to apply American influence and power primarily through the United Nations. We should insist that the U. N. accept responsibility not merely for the maintenance of peace in the Middle East, but also for the solution of certain problems which the U.N. helped to create, i.e., the refugee problem. But the way needs to be cleared for U.N. action. A limited accord with the Soviet Union, recognizing its legitimate interest in the region and implementing the Soviet suggestion for an arms embargo, would help. Perhaps the Soviets might underwrite with us a guarantee of Israel against armed attack as part of a similar guarantee to the Arab states against armed attacks from Israel. To this end, a joint Anglo-American declaration might be made, as the London *Observer* has suggested, renouncing any intention of opposing an Arab unity which is freely negotiated among the governments concerned, and which would respect the neutrality of Lebanon and accept the fact of Israel. As to Jordan, let Hussein be pensioned.

ALL THIS implies that we should stop trying to force the Arab peoples to "choose sides" in the cold war and that we should accept Arab neutrality. The evidence is strong that, other things being equal, a neutral Arabia would prefer to do business with the West rather than with the Soviet Union; at worst, it would try to play one off against the other. In the latter case, the logic of the situation gives us certain advantages. Oil provides the strongest natural tie between the Arab states and the West. Russia does not need the oil, Europe does. And the oil must be sold.

Whether the Arab states merge or federate, some means should be worked out to pool a portion of oil revenues for the development of the region. To this end, with Britain, France and Holland, we should call a conference of the oil companies in an effort to bring their policies into line with the needs and realities of the region. If in fact the "administered" price program of the cartels yields an annual excess increment of $3 billion (p. 51), there is ample margin for readjustment. Moreover, the specific royalty division is less important (see p. 47) than to work out a more cooperative relationship.

And, for a change, let us begin to think of the problems of the Middle East not exclusively in terms of

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"vital interests," but also in terms of what is best for the Arabs. And on this they should be consulted through representatives, however chosen, who can fairly claim to speak for them. As to the legitimacy of governments, popular support remains the prime test. Who are we, with our revolutionary background, to launch a holy war against revolution in the Middle East? And, finally, let American objectives in the Middle East be such that they can be defended without resort to double-talk. We have no interest more "vital" to defend than our good name and reputation, and both have suffered in the United Nations during the last few weeks. This is the message conveyed in unmistakable terms, though from different points of view, by the articles on the Middle East crisis which follow.

THE EDITORS

FROM BEACH to SUMMIT

1. ANARCHY OF THE JUNGLE.. *by Geoffrey Barraclough*

London, July 25.

WHEN the United States decided to intervene in Lebanon, the wheel which began to revolve in 1956 in Suez and Hungary came full circle. In 1956, Russia sent troops into Hungary at the behest of Prime Minister Kadar and incurred the odium of the whole world, except its satellites. Today, the United States has sent troops into Lebanon at the behest of President Chamoun—as Britain has sent troops into Jordan at the behest of King Hussein—and incurred the odium of the whole world, except its satellites. There may, or there may not, be minor differences of a legal order. The reality, in all three cases, is that a tottering regime without popular support is being upheld by foreign arms. Like Russia, the United States and Britain have put forward the pretext of subversion from outside; in reality, in all three cases, the government was undermined by hostility and opposition at home. And there is one further parallel. In all three cases, intervention was due not to considered policy but to blind fear and the lack of a viable policy; it stemmed from the failures of preceding years and months.

The parallel with Suez, of which much has been heard in the last fortnight, is not so close as the parallel with Hungary; indeed, it is the contrasts, rather than the similarities, which are sobering and ominous. In 1956, America dissociated itself from the Anglo-French aggression, and thereby laid up a stock of good will in the Moslem world and uncommitted Asia which, rightly used, might have stood it in good stead. It is true that, almost immediately, with the promulgation of the Eisenhower Doctrine and the alerting of the Sixth Fleet during the Jordan crisis of 1957, it began to use up its credit; and now, at one blow, what was left has gone. By acting with Macmillan and Selwyn Lloyd, with de Gaulle and Soustelle hovering in the background, the United States has aligned itself, contrary to every tradition of American policy and every American interest, with imperialism on the downgrade. At the same time Eisenhower and Dulles have confessed, by implication if not in set terms, that America, like Russia, when faced by the bankruptcy of its policy, knows only one expedient—to set up "friendly" puppet regimes in unfriendly countries by force.

Where there is no policy, there can be only expedients. Because Mr. Dulles squandered the unique opportunities to build up good relations with the Arab world which America enjoyed on the morrow of the Suez war, the inevitable crisis, which had been foreseen and foretold a hundred times, was bound to catch American policy on the wrong foot. For the United States, the Iraq revolution was a question of heads you win, tails I lose. Whatever Washington did, even including doing nothing, was bound to be wrong; and to that degree one can sympathize with President Eisenhower in the predicament in which he found himself on July 15. But the fact remains that the root cause of his predicament was the failure of the State Department, not the revolt in Iraq or the unrest in Lebanon. To do nothing, it is probably true, would have resulted in the crumbling, perhaps the collapse, of the "Western position" in the Middle East. But whether, even at that late date, the only alternative was to do the *wrong* thing, is another and more serious matter. The United States hitherto had kept reasonably immune from the nationalist ferment in the Middle East; it had, for example, prudently abstained from becoming a full-fledged member of the misconceived and misbegotten Baghdad Pact. Now it is embroiled up to the neck, and it is difficult to

About the Author

"Governments and peoples, for example in Iraq, are often at loggerheads," Geoffrey Barraclough wrote in *The Nation* of March 2, 1957, "and support for unrepresentative governments automatically incurs the enmity of national movements." Mr. Barraclough's articles on the Middle East for *The Nation* have been full of such prescient warnings; see "Doctrine for Mideast Disaster," Feb. 8, 1957; "Middle East: End of a Road," March 2, 1957; "The Sixth Fleet Sails East," May 18, 1957; "Syria: a Warning," September 14, 1957.

Mr. Barraclough is Professor of International History at the University of London, and author of *History in a Changing World.*

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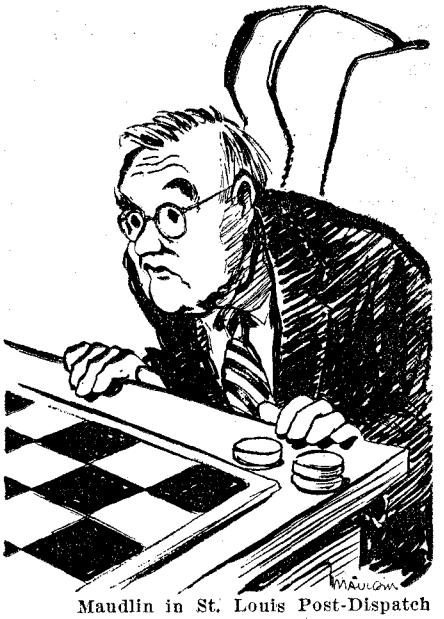
see how it is going to extricate itself, or to assess what price, in damage to its long-term interests, it will have to pay.

Even worse, America — like the English and French at Suez — has turned the Middle East once again into a center of world tension. In the last twelve months, despite incessant internal unrest within the area, there had been little positive evidence of active inter-bloc rivalry, and it seemed as though the region might settle down as other former storm-centers — Indo-China, for example, or Korea, or Berlin — have settled down, to some sort of coexistence. American intervention has killed that possibility. The Soviet Union, as it has already made clear, cannot remain indifferent to events in an area adjacent to its southern frontier. Everywhere people are asking whether the American intervention, like the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia in July 1914, will be the first step towards a Third World War, as unnecessary as the first but a thousand times more destructive. That this question can even be asked is itself a criticism of American and British policy; for, whatever the position of Britain may be, it is certain that the United States has no interest in the Middle East which is worth the risk of even a single Russian H-bomb on an American city.

The risk that American intervention may lead by chain reaction to a world war certainly exists. If, as we must pray, reports are correct that the two governments concerned will not go beyond the occupation of Lebanon and Jordan, the situation may remain under control; for such limited occupation, however repugnant to Russia and to Egypt, does not actually alter the existing balance of power. But when once intervention starts, where in logic does it stop? After Lebanon and Jordan (and let us not forget the British troops sent off posthaste to Aden and Libya, and the deposition of the Sultan of Lahej), what next? If England and America intervene in Iraq, or even encourage or permit Hussein to intervene in Iraq, or Turkey in Iran, the outlook will indeed be black. In any case Russia is already in contact with Egypt; Nasser has gone to Moscow; and before long we may see Russia and Egypt together, or one or the other alone, "protecting" the new Iraqi Government with as good grounds as America is "protecting" Chamoun. Moscow's dramatic call for a summit conference seemed, for a moment, to offer some prospect of a peaceful way out, but should the projected special Security Council session fail to agree on concrete remedial measures, we will be back where we were and Russia will reassert its freedom of action.

The risks, in short, are great; what, if any, are the gains?

THE ANSWER given is curiously negative. It is that, if the United States had stood idly by, it would have meant the end of American interests and influence in the Middle East. If that is really true, it must immediately be said that it is only so because American interests and the way to make American influence felt have been woefully misconceived. America, in the first place, has no conceivable grounds for conflict with Nasser; it has no conceivable quarrel with Arab nationalism; it has no interest in withstanding Arab unity and preserving the senseless structure of a series of succession-states created, largely in the interests of England and France, from the débris of the Turkish Empire after the First World War. Why President Eisenhower should regard the "independence and integrity of Lebanon," of all places, as "vital to the national interest" of the United States is one of the minor mysteries of history. If it could reasonably be argued that, had America remained inactive, this whole region would have fallen prey to "international communism," with the vast shift in the balance of world forces that would involve, then, in the current philosophy of the State Department, intervention would have made sense. But one remarkable feature of the situation is that no serious person has tried to play that card officially. True, the Communist bogey has turned up in Washington reports; and, characteristically, Hussein has already got it out of the cupboard. But President Eisenhower, although the Eisenhower Doctrine gave him



Maudlin in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

"How can I play without kings?"

an instrument ready to hand against Communist subversion, carefully avoided using it. This time, in fact, no one really supposes that the Middle East unrest can be laid at Moscow's door, though as a result of Anglo-American action it may very well be exploited by Russia. In fact the outcome, whether the Middle East is discussed at the summit or not, is bound to be that Russia will secure a firm foothold within the area. In spite of official denials, the United States this time has plainly and unmistakably come out against Arab nationalism, and the whole policy of a Pan-Arab federation. It has come out in defense of the *status quo* in the Arab world. That is the ominous thing. For, first of all, the *status quo* in the Arab world is too precarious to last; and, second, by demonstrating that the West is the implacable enemy of Arab nationalism, America has in effect given notice to the Arabs that, in a divided world, their interests run parallel to those of Russia. The long-term effect of American intervention is to drive the Arabs, who were making every effort to remain neutral, firmly into the Russian camp.

NOT THE LEAST serious feature of the situation is that the United States has committed its forces on a completely indefinite, unlimited and undefined basis. It went in,

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SUCH A LITTLE COUNTRY . . *by Carleton Beals*

THE RUSSIANS are taking the invasion of Lebanon by American Marines too seriously. They have even compared our aggression to that of Hitler, Mussolini and Tojo.

That's absurd. Lebanon is only a little country, one-eighth the size of Austria, less than one-hundredth the size of Ethiopia, and only one-thousandth the size of China. So the American intervention in Lebanon is only an itsy-bitsy violation of international law.

Besides, we were invited in by Lebanon's President. Of course, Hitler was invited in by Austria's Seyss-Inquart; but Lebanon is such a little country, and even the Russians know our purpose is noble and disinterested.

True, the Lebanon President had tried to overthrow his country's constitution and perpetuate himself as dictator. Some even say it was he who overthrew law and order in Lebanon. But that's absurd, because he's pro-Western and has the backing of good Christians and wears striped pants. Those Moslems who oppose him look like sad imitations of Ghandi. Anyway, there are only about a million of them.

No other country has a right to meddle in Lebanon affairs. Only we have that noble privilege. The United Nations said there had been no outside invasion. But we know better; isn't old pin-stripes pro-Western?

THE Russians should realize we're just trying to help the United Nations out by putting a pistol at its head—all its eighty-odd member nations—so it can do what it ought to do and save old pin-stripes. But the Russians are mean enough to say that that is exactly what Hitler and Mussolini did to the old League of Nations—put a pistol at the head of the world. Did we first ask the nations of Asia, the nations of Africa, the nations of the Americas, the nations of Europe what they wanted to do about old pin-stripes? No, all we say, is, if you don't want us to save the old geezer, you save him.

We have precedent, don't we? Ask Nicaragua, and the Dominican Republic, and Cuba and Haiti. We got out of those countries, didn't we—after about twenty-five years of carpet-bagging? We held elections and taught them democracy. So we'll keep in old dictator pin-stripes and teach the benighted Lebanese democracy. It wasn't our fault, or was it, that we left behind us in the Caribbean the cruelest, bloodiest dictatorships in the history of the Americas? After all, they were our buddies—pin-striped Somoza and Trujillo, and now Batista. They shake hands with us like gentlemen, and we don't mind a little blood smearing off on our own palms.

And there's the Eisenhower Doctrine to live up to, isn't there? It was one of those unilateral, nineteenth-century power doctrines as modern as an outdoor privy. Nobody else on earth wanted it, certainly not the Arabs it was supposed to protect.

Besides, our action solves so many problems at home. The little recession is licked. There won't be any bothersome income-tax reduction. The foreign-aid cut will be restored, so we can merrily carpet-bag around the world, and no questions asked as to how the money is spent. The big brass will be back in the velvet again (not that they were ever very far out of it).

The Russians have gotten away with so much for so long now, they ought to give us and old pin-stripes a break and not go starting a third world war. Besides, Lebanon is such a little country. The aggression is such an itsy-bitsy one.

CARLETON BEALS, veteran journalist and author of many books, has spent most of his professional life covering revolutions in, and invasions of, small countries.

ostensibly, to maintain its influence. How is it going to extricate itself without disastrously losing face? How, indeed, is it going to extricate itself at all? Nobody doubts that withdrawal will mean the instant collapse of the regimes dependent on British and American tanks. No one supposes that Arab nationalism can any longer be destroyed either by intimidation or by force. Both Eisenhower and Macmillan, mistaking the Suez precedent, seem to have calculated that they could extricate themselves by saddling the United Nations with responsibility for their folly. No miscalculation could have been more puerile. The United Nations observation team in Lebanon, backed and probably primed by Mr. Hammarskjold, ostentatiously refused to establish any form of contact, "formal or informal," with the American forces in Lebanon. Mr. Hammarskjold himself made it clear that, in his view, there was no justification at all for sending in a protective force under the flag of the United States. Since then any hopes of America getting U.N. backing have faded and vanished. The Afro-Asian bloc is obviously entirely hostile. More symptomatic is the coolness of Japan, the criticism by Sweden, and the defections among the Latin Americans. If one thing has now become clear, it is that the United States is not going to be allowed to escape in stolen garments under the umbrella of the United Nations. Its moral nakedness is exposed for the world to see; and the world has seen.

WHAT, THEN, of the future? First of all, it is hard to see how the United States can ever again recoup the moral stock and moral standing which have been such weighty elements in its favor in the past. Secondly, it is no less difficult to see how it can extricate itself even with the loss of its moral standing. Because its present objectives are the wrong objectives, there is only one way to secure them; and that is to stand pat. American policy has left no margin for negotiation, no opening for compromise. When the troops depart, total collapse will follow. But what so long as they are there? American policy has already succeeded in closing the Lebanese ranks. The President of the Chamber of Deputies and the Lebanese Commander-in-Chief have protested against the landing and demanded immediate evacuation. Sniping has begun; it will not take long to organize it into guerrilla warfare. The least that can be expected is another Korea, or a hopeless, long-drawn-out struggle against an underground resistance, not yet begun, which can never be won. But once begun, it is sure to be accompanied by the destruction of

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oil wells and installations and the blowing up of pipelines. The one hopeful feature — perhaps the only one — from a world-wide point of view is that neither Russia nor Egypt needs to enlarge the conflict and turn it into world war; the United States has done all that is necessary to further their causes for them.

THE immediate requirement of the situation is obvious; the difficulty, in view of all that has happened, is to see any possible way by which it can be put into effect. What is necessary, and has been necessary for three years at least, is a total re-thinking of American policy in the Middle East; it is to cut away from moribund tactics and moribund strategy. In the end, whether we like it or not, the West will have to act *with* Arab nationalism, if it is going to act in the Middle East at all. The policy of playing off Nuri against Nasser was dead long before Nuri was murdered; it is a sheer hallucination to suppose that it can be continued with Hussein and Chamoun as the puppets. Oddly enough, the most sensible things about the crisis have been said by Glubb Pasha, who unerringly put his finger on the central facts. First, as he said, the Arab nationalists have no desire to become Soviet satellites; they wish to be dominated neither by Russia nor the West. Why cannot we help them to carry out this policy? Secondly, they are "free to choose what form of government suits them best." What right have we to interfere, to foist unpopular governments on them at the point of the bayonet? Thirdly, there is no "adequate reason" why our interests should bring us into collision with Arab nationalism. On the other hand, the economic interests of the oil-producing regions of the Middle East all run in line with the economic interests of the West; and this community of interest is the only sound basis for Western policy. Two years ago, before the refusal of aid for the Aswan Dam, a policy could have been constructed from these basic principles. But today? In view of what has happened, even the most optimistic observer will throw up his hands in despair. And that is the measure of the failure of American policy. At worst, it has inaugurated a shift in the balance of world forces which probably can only be halted by the even more disastrous expedient of nuclear war. At best, it has dealt a blow to America's standing throughout Asia and Africa from which it is impossible to see how it can recover; and it is in Asia and Africa — not in Europe, where America's satellites dutifully cheer—that the future lies.

The Times of India describes America's action as "an act of political insanity"; and with the insane it is impossible to argue. During the last few years British and American policy in the Middle East has been a mixture of incompetence, muddled thinking, inertia, violence and sometimes dishonesty. Now it has reached the point of no return, for now even retreat — which would be the only hopeful course — has become so costly as to be virtually impossible. One thing is certain: American and British action, intended, ironically, to prevent the dissolution of an obsolescent world, has brought a whole era to an end — the era of aggressive imperialism which began in the 1880s. But what will be the character of the age that will succeed it, no one can foresee. A new imperialism directed from Washington, with task-forces everywhere like Roman cohorts vainly defending a crumbling wall? A vast expansion of Russian influence, until the whole of the Middle East is engulfed under a Communist wave? Or a great uprising of the colored peoples against the whites, in whose credentials no one can any longer believe? It is the measure of the folly of Washington and Westminster that it should open up such somber vistas. They have re-established the anarchy of the jungle, in which everything is permissible and anything may happen.

2. THE KINGS DEPART . . *by Harvey O'Connor*

PREDICTIONS, when writing about the Near East, can be foolhardy ventures. Nevertheless, when I began to record my impressions of a recent trip from Cairo to Teheran (including running the barbed-wire entanglements of Nicosia in Cyprus in order to get into Israel), I took the long chance by leading off with "It won't be long now! That about sums up any number of situations in the Near East—the duration of the 50-50 oil concessions, of the Hashemite kinglets, of the Baghdad Pact, of the quasi-sovereign sheikdoms of the Arabian Rim, the medieval autocracy of the Saud regime."

But history moves too fast nowadays, and by the time I got to the fifth page, one of the Hashemite kinglets was a casualty of his own army and the Baghdad Pact had lost its only Arab partner. And I find that another prediction made in my original manuscript, namely that within five years the United Arab Republic will reach from the Nile to the Euphrates, also is subject to revision.

All the way from Egypt to Iraq, one factor dominates events: the drive toward Arab unity. To hear the cry for that unity is to understand the present crisis and the fear that grips the oil cartel as it watches, hopelessly, its bases of exploitation foundering in desert sands. There is no mystery in the news from the "mysterious East"—rather the mystery lies in the fumbling reactions of the West to the rise of a socially-conscious ruling class in the Near East.

Arab unity—the dominance of the new United Arab Republic from the Nile to the Euphrates—is no distant dream, and neither U.S. marines nor British paratroops will stop it.

At the moment, it seems that only the Soviets are determined to move with this tide; the West is commanding that the tide stand still. Or perhaps it is more the ostrich

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HARVEY O'CONNOR, author of The Empire of Oil, *recently returned from a trip through the Middle East.*

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than King Canute that comes to mind; the West prefers not to recognize the social-political upheaval. The spectacle has been an amazing one, even to conservative Egyptians, for a long time now. The editor of a leading financial-economic review in Cairo approached the subject in his best professorial manner, knowing that he was speaking to a correspondent from the un-understanding West. He used the simplest possible English.

"We are not Communists," he said, slowly. "We want to be capitalists, like you. But we can't be real capitalists until we develop industries. The Aswan Dam is basic to Egypt's future, both in agriculture and industry. With a few words, your Mr. Dulles blew up our hopes —and his own promises—of Western help for Aswan. Perhaps Mr. Dulles doesn't want a capitalist class in Egypt? Can it be that he preferred the corrupt Farouk and the landlords who spent more time and money on the Riviera than they ever did in their own Delta?

"Your Franklin Roosevelt would have understood our Revolution of 1952. It was like any number of revolutions you have had in the West in the past 150 years, a revolution to shake the fetters from Egypt so it could develop, raise living standards of our workers and peasants, to help us emerge at last into the twentieth century—something like your New Deal, perhaps."

"If you want to be capitalists, why do you turn to the Soviets for help, then?"

"Yes," he said. "They all ask that. It is because when your State Department tried to starve our people by embargoing shipments of wheat, the Soviets sent us boatloads in a hurry. When you froze our credits in New York and London and on the Continent, the Soviets helped us. When the British and French bombed our women and children in Port Said, the Soviets, in a simple diplomatic note, said 'Stop it!', and they stopped. Your international banks will lend us money, yes, if our industries are controlled by foreigners, if we pay high interest rates, if we become satellites to the Western economy. The Soviets lend us at reasonable rates, send us technicians, let us decide what we want and let us do it the way we want it done."

"And you're quite sure you haven't avoided the frying pan just to leap into the fire?"

The editor smiled. "I'll wager you we have more Communists in jail in Egypt today than you ever had under McCarthy."

THE SYRIANS like to consider themselves the most advanced country, politically, in the Near East. Egypt and its vast stability, almost immobility, its social structure not too far changed in the Delta from Pharaonic times, is a main source of strength to the new United Arab Republic; but Damascus prides itself on ideas. It hopes to be the intellectual dynamo of the expanding republic.

Such hopes rest in large measure on the leaders of the Baath (Resurrection) Party, now absorbed as the main constituent of the National Union, which has supplanted all parties. The Baath Party is pan-Arab, with contacts in all the synthetic sovereignties into which Britain and France divided the Arab remnants of the old Turkish Empire after World War I. It is also Socialist, its leaders say. Not by Western standards of socialism, they hasten to add. Words such as capitalism, socialism, democracy, freedom, are used in the Near East with Near Eastern connotations.

Even in Egypt the government of the Revolution describes itself as Socialist; but the word takes on different meanings even as one shifts from Cairo to Damascus. Many Egyptians, when they can swallow their distaste of things British, admit sheepishly that the British Labour Party's brand of socialism is perhaps nearer their own concept—a kind of Welfare State for capitalists and workers and peasants. Certainly not the brand which bears the Moscow label.

The Baathists, however, regard capitalists as a temporary evil to be endured in the republic's development. They aim at a social democracy. They underline freedom, individual as well as social, as a goal. In the hot struggle for Arab unity, perhaps they would not qualify as full-fledged members of an American civil-liberties organization; on the other hand, they decry the Soviet concept of state supremacy over the individual quite as heartily as do the Egyptians.

When President Nasser recently made his triumphal tour of Syria, it was observed that he loitered far longer than the tumultuous demonstrations seemed to warrant. Many Western observers concluded that he was "riveting" his control over the Syrian Baathists; others concluded rather that the Syrians were taking advantage of his protracted stay to indoctrinate the Egyptians with their own more advanced ideology.

That may be the crux in the development of the Near Eastern situation. Will the merely nationalistic tendencies of the Arab Revolution degenerate into a new, adventurist Napoleonism? Or will the new middle-class Army officers, allied with new-type businessmen aspiring to be capitalists, and collaborating —as in Egypt—with controlled labor and peasant organizations, steer the Arab Nation into channels of constructive social and economic reform? Will the Syrian Baathists — who claim to be the true and only and original proponents of the Arab Nation—insist on a thoroughgoing social reconstruction? The fate of Israel, incidentally, hangs on the answer to these questions. For if the Arab leaders face up to their gigantic social problems, there will be less need of waving the bloody flag of anti-Zionism. There might even develop a willingness to sit down and talk about the place of Israel in the Arab world.

NEWSPAPER headlines have long attested the power of the idea of the Arab Nation in Lebanon. But it was not until this traveler reached the banks of the Tigris that the writing on the wall seemed so clear. In bedraggled Baghdad the strength of the Arab Nation was reflected in the weakness of the Iraq monarchy. A rather ugly police state, operated by a man described as a Turkish puppet of Britain, based itself on a

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landlord structure handed down from Babylonian times.

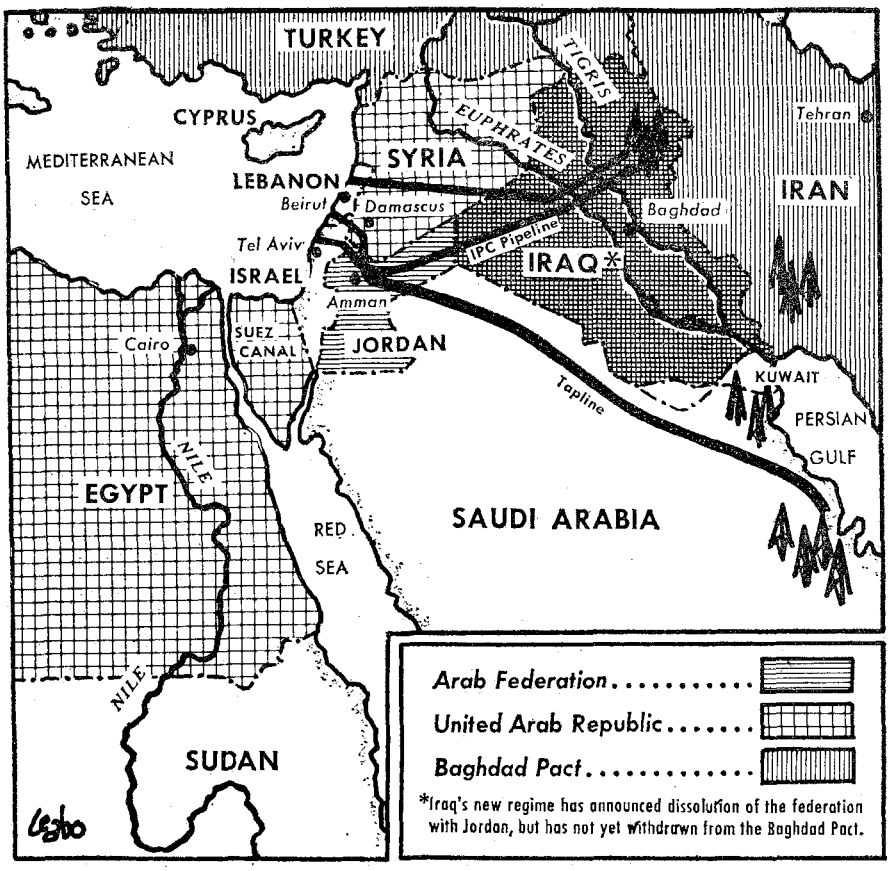
Government spokesmen admitted, indirectly, that they operated a police state. The people — usually referred to as "the mob" — were feared and hated. They were dirty, diseased, uncouth. They were also illiterate, but unfortunately they have ears, and they listened to the siren Voice of the Arabs out of Cairo.

"What can we do?" an official shrugged. "They are uneducated and they believe all that stuff on the Cairo radio."

"Well, don't you have radio stations, too?"

"Yes, but we don't have the musicians, the artists, the singers, the clever propagandists the Egyptians have. So our people won't listen."

"Well," commented an Opposition leader, himself a businessman, "no wonder. We too have singers and musicians and talent, not so much as the Egyptians maybe, but some. But where are they? In prison, or in exile in the southern swamps or the mountains of the north."



IN THE OPPOSITION in Baghdad there were no labor or peasant leaders. The reason is simple — unions were not permitted in Iraq, nor peasant organizations, either. (One wonders whether, under the new regime, this will change.) So the Opposition numbered mostly lawyers, business and professional men, some employers, returned students from the West.

Thanks to the efficiency of the police state, the Opposition, at the time of my visit to Iraq, was poorly organized, many of its leaders in prison, or only intermittently in contact in Baghdad. Many, too, had died before firing squads. It was difficult to get a balanced view of the country, for it was "treason" to give information not pleasing to the Government.

The Opposition placed little reliance on the West, not even on the Western liberals. "Last time Aneurin Bevan was here," said a leading lawyer, "they took him to the Embassy compound, briefed him, led him around to see some of the Development Board's dams. He never once saw anyone in the Opposition. I hear, too, he is a leader of the Left in England."

Jordan's Hashemite monarch is still operating a police state tottering on bayonets, cringing before the blasts of the Voice of the Arabs from Cairo. In Saudi Arabia, the King has gone into retirement and his brother is trying to steer the realm out of the unspeakably debased corruption and bankruptcy that threaten to overwhelm it. (A shipload of girls from Hamburg arrived only recently in Jiddah for the pleasures of the Saudi princes.)

IT'S A HARD life for the Western oil executive in the Near East these days. Soberly (the Saudi Government recently forbade importation of liquor even by Americans), executives of the Arabian American Oil Company peer into the somber future. The famed 50-50 formula shimmers like a mirage over the desert.

For a generation, the Western oil companies conducted what was purely a looting operation along the Persian Gulf. Here lies two-thirds to three-fourths of all the known oil in the free world. Anglo-Persian and Royal Dutch Shell came and took it. The nationalization of oil in Iran marked an end to that era.

For half a generation, the looting operation has been made into a 50-50 deal, half the loot for the companies, half for the local dynasties, whether medieval absolutists as in Saudi Arabia, or landlord oligarchies as existed in Iraq. Now the era of loot draws to a close.

Does that mark the doom of the West? Not necessarily. The future lies not in concessions—a hated word—but in agreements such as those recently signed by the National Iranian Oil Company and the powerful ENI state-owned company of Italy, and by Standard Oil of Indiana, latercomer on the international oil scene. These agreements supply what can be the missing link in stable relations between the West and the Near East. They provide for national participation in ownership and profits, and eventually management, of the oil companies. And when the agreements come to an end, the Near East hopes it will have the competence to run its oil industry unaided.

National participation, and not 50-50, or 75-25, or 56-44, or whatever may be the fraction which

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characterizes the old system of dividing the loot, is the key to future oil relations. It is toward such an arrangement that the United Arab Republic looks when its control reaches from the Nile to the Tigris. The prospect may not be too pleasant for the oil cartel. On the other hand, from what this reporter learned, the architects of the Arab Nation were not contemplating expropriation. What effect the intrusion of Western force into Lebanon and Jordan has had upon their plans one cannot say, except that surely the augury is not good for the West.

Whatever happens, the Arab Nation means to keep the major part of the usufructs of its oil on its own home territory. Whether these enormous resources will be used for the advancement of the Arab peoples will be determined by whether the United Arab Republic—and Iraq—advance toward social republicanism or degenerate into dictatorships.

In any event, the outlook for Western European and United States consumers of petroleum products will remain as bleak, price-wise, as it has always been under the hegemony of the oil cartel. The cartel has always charged all that the traffic will bear, and it is not likely that Moslem Arabs can be expected to turn Christian and charge less.

3. IRAQ'S EXPLOSIVE OIL . . *by Charles F. Edmundson*

THE MOST perceptive report on the State Department's reaction to the revolution in Iraq appeared on the front page of *The New York Times* of July 18. The headline read:

> WEST TO KEEP OUT OF IRAQ UNLESS OIL IS THREATENED

President Eisenhower's press secretary decried the story the same day, but the facts were clear. Two years ago, Secretary of State Dulles told a private meeting of oil-company executives in Washington that nationalization of oil properties abroad should be the signal for international intervention. We were now prepared to fulfill that pledge.

It was in August, 1956, that Secretary Dulles called a meeting of representatives of the major U.S. oil companies doing business abroad. The press was not informed and no records were to have been kept. But A. C. Ingraham, of the Socony Vacuum Oil Company of New York, kept a memorandum which became public when the Senate Anti-Trust Subcommittee subpoenaed Socony documents in another connection.

According to this document, which the State Department never repudiated, Secretary Dulles knew "the oil companies were interested in the nationalization issue and wanted to put forth his views." The nub of the memorandum is this:

> Therefore, he [Dulles] indicated, nationalization of this kind of an asset [oil properties] impressed with international interest goes far beyond the compensation of shareholders alone and should call for international intervention.

On the Senate floor, Senator Kefauver read the memorandum and inquired prophetically:

> Who is going to do the intervening? There is no indication that U.S. troops would not be used for this purpose. And what, may I ask, would Russia's reaction be to that?

IT APPEARS that Mr. Dulles' latest exercise in brinkmanship was spurred not only by Iraq's 250 million barrels of oil a year, but also by the fear that if Iraq could become master of its own oil, so could Saudi Arabia and Iran.

Title to exploit Middle East oil rests almost entirely in the hands of the American, British, French and Dutch companies which comprise the international oil cartel. And while Mr. Dulles is using the Army, Air Force, Navy and Marines to defend the cartel, the U.S. Department of Justice is prosecuting it for violating federal anti-trust laws. The Anti-Trust Division has been suing to break up the cartel since 1952. The suit now drags its weary way through the Federal District Court in New York.

The Anti-Trust Division exhausts most of the alphabet — from "a" through "q"—to itemize the devices by which the defendants "monopolize trade and commerce in petroleum and petroleum products between the United States and foreign nations." Still more of the alphabet—from "a" through "w"—is required to detail specific violations. All told, the charges run to nineteen legal-size, typewritten pages.

In essence, the Department of Justice charges this: that the oil companies pump crude oil from the fabulously productive Middle East wells at a cost of 20 to 30 cents a barrel — exclusive of profits, which are usually divided 50-50 with the producing country—and sell it at a collusive price varying over a period of years from $1.75 to $2.16 a barrel f.o.b. the Persian Gulf.

A reasonably bright high school student can take the published figures of the Iraq Petroleum Company and find that the crude oil pumped there brings a net of about $1.55 a barrel, to be split between the Government of Iraq and the participating companies. At a production rate of 250 million barrels a year, this gives the two sides some $400 million to divide.

Iraq accounts for somewhat less than a fifth of Middle East oil production, but the profit pattern is much the same throughout except for the recently arrived smaller companies, such as the Getty Oil Company and American Independent Oil. They have had to pay a stiff price for their concessions, and enjoy a considerably smaller profit margin.

Both at home and abroad, U. S. oil companies get the benefit of a 27 per cent annual allowance for the depletion of reserves. In the case of

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CHARLES F. EDMUNDSON, a former associate editor of Fortune, *is the author of* "The Dulles Brothers in Diplomania," *which appeared in the November 9, 1957, issue of* The Nation.

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the oil companies producing abroad, income taxes which would be due the United States Government are drastically reduced by converting royalty payments into income taxes paid to the host country. Thus direct U. S. income taxes dwindle almost to nothing.

From 1953 to 1955, the biggest of the U.S. companies operating abroad —Arabian-American—paid no U. S. income taxes at all. In 1956, Aramco paid $200 million to the King of Saudi Arabia—which is approximately 700 times as much as the $282,000 which Aramco paid in income taxes to the United States.

Besides maintaining the vast military forces which help to secure oil company properties, the U. S. Government picks up the tab for any extraordinary operating expenses involved in keeping the Arab sheiks content. During the Second World War, when oil could not be sent to the West, King Ibn Saud's income dwindled. The U. S. Government was touched by this royal distress—touched for a total of $99 million.

TO PROTECT exorbitant profits, contrived in a manner which the Department of Justice says is illegal, Secretary Dulles is willing to risk war. To whip up public support for this policy, the press, except for a handful of newspapers, has encouraged the false notion that "Middle Eastern oil is vital to the defense of the Western World."

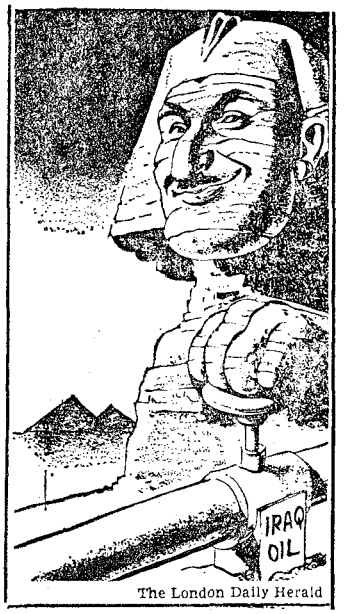
In World War II, Middle East oil was lost to the Allies as soon as Italy entered the conflict. And this was before the nuclear bomb, or even the old-fashioned "blockbuster," had been developed. No informed person anywhere believes that the West will have access to Middle East oil if and when World War III breaks out.

There is no lack of oil in the Western hemisphere to serve all the needs of the Western allies. New fields are being discovered all the way from Alaska to Tierra del Fuego. Moreover, experts of the U.S. Bureau of Mines estimate that shale-oil deposits in the Rocky Mountains contain 960 billion barrels of oil — *twenty-nine times as much as all the known reserves of the United States.* Oil from shale is no longer a doubtful experiment. Union Oil Company of California, which operated for many months a huge experimental retort, alleges that its plant produced oil from shale at a cost virtually competitive with oil pumped from wells. The Research Institute of the University of Denver goes further. It reports the development of a new process which can deliver shale-produced oil to California at prices one-third to one-half less than the current California price for crude.

Newspaper writers who parrot the cry that Middle East oil is vital to Western defense actually endanger their country's security. General Lawton Collins, and many others who should know, say: "Write off Middle East oil if war comes." False military stress on Middle East oil detracts attention from the need to increase supplies nearer home.

SENATOR HENNINGS of Missouri, a cautious middle-of-the-roader, estimates that the international oil cartel collects excessive profits adding up to $3 billion a year. Except for this profiteering in oil, he points out, the U.S. Government could reduce its foreign military and economic aid programs by hundreds of millions of dollars a year.

The writer was in the capital of Saudi Arabia a few years ago. An American-educated Arab official told him that he thought the oil companies and the Saudi Arabian Government both should materially reduce their "take" in order to make oil available to the underdeveloped nations at prices more nearly within their reach. He estimated that Saudi Arabian crude was being produced at a cost of no more than 25 cents a barrel. But the California-Texas and Standard-Vacuum refineries in Bombay were paying $2 a barrel, f.o.b. the oil field.



The Sphinx

The principle at stake involves much more than the Arab nations. It is the right of *all* nations to reasonable access at equitable prices to the raw material resources of the world. It is a principle which the United States subscribed to in the Atlantic Charter and in the Declaration of the United Nations. But even if these documents did not exist, American, British, French and Dutch companies would have no moral right to stand astride the Middle East oil reserves. Here lie nearly 90 per cent of all known oil reserves outside the United States and Russia. To dole out this oil at "administered prices" so high as to call for action by the U.S. Department of Justice clearly constitutes an unjustifiable tax on the wealth of the whole world.

In 1954, while India was paying the oil companies and the oil-host countries a joint profit of about 700 per cent, the United States gave India $82.5 million in Point Four assistance. Indirectly, the American taxpayer was bearing the burden of the bloated profits of the oil companies and the fantastic extravagances of the petty kings and sheiks of Arabia.

IN 1939 and 1940, when he was trying to keep the United States from entering the war against Germany, Italy and Japan, John Foster Dulles spoke feelingly of the "selfish and possessive attitude of the *status quo* powers"—i.e., the Western democracies:

> Does the Almighty [Mr. Dulles asked] reward with iron, copper, oil and rubber those who adopt the democratic processes? . . . As regards the vast colonial areas, why should the minds of statesmen still be closed to devising some scheme whereby, in the spirit of President Wilson's man-

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dates, their economic resources may now be effectively opened up?

For Mr. Dulles, the *status quo* is now on the other foot.

In indoctrination classes conducted in World War II, soldiers were taught, among other things, that they were fighting to provide fairer and more general access to the world's raw materials. They were given leaflets quoting the pledge of the Atlantic Charter powers that

> . . . They will endeavor, with due respect for their existing obligations, to further the enjoyment of all states, great or small, victor or vanquished, of access, on equal terms, to the trade and to the raw materials of the world which are needed for their economic prosperity.

Failure to fulfill this pledge helps explain, perhaps, why countries like Germany, Japan, Austria and India have rebuffed the United States on the Lebanon issue. It may explain why Sweden, which has prestige far beyond its size, sponsored a Security Council resolution, aimed at embarrassing the United States, which called for the withdrawal of the U.N. observers from Lebanon.

The State Department is almost pathetically solicitous concerning the problem which England might face if Middle East oil were cut off and the British had to pay for their petroleum in dollars. But it displays no concern over the foreign-exchange problems which non-cartel countries face in buying oil, whether from the Middle East or the Western Hemisphere.

The British Government owns 54 per cent of all the vastly profitable British oil operations in the Middle East. At the present operating rate, this brings into the British Exchequer some $300 million a year from crude oil alone, and a large additional sum in profits after the crude is converted to gasoline, lubricants and other finished products. The remaining 46 per cent is owned by the stockholders of the British Petroleum Company. It is evident that both the British Government and the stockholders would lose if prices were brought down. (The French and Dutch holdings in Middle East oil are smaller, and their readjustment would be less painful.) But readjustment is needed for the sake of fairness to non-cartel countries and to fulfill the pledge of the Atlantic Charter and the Declaration of the United Nations.

As for the United States, our international companies produce so much oil that the repatriation of profits becomes a factor limiting U.S. exports. If the rest of the world has to find several hundreds of millions of dollars a year to pay for oil produced abroad, that much less dollar exchange is available to buy American wheat, cotton, bobby pins and farm machinery.

The oil cartel has fostered the impression that for Russia to share access to Middle Eastern oil would be a calamity. To judge from a United Nations study of the international oil industry, the advent of Russia as a major oil supplier might, on the contrary, lend some capitalistic flexibility to oil prices.

According to the U. N. study, the largest real oil-price competition in Europe occurred in Sweden from 1930 to 1933. This was forced upon the Western companies by *Naftsyndicat,* a subsidiary of the Russian oil monopoly. A study of oil prices by the Swedish Government, quoted in a U. S. Federal Trade Commission survey, reports that *Naftsyndicat,* which accounted for 27 per cent of the Scandinavian oil trade, "was the largest and most vigorous competitor."

WHETHER or not Russia gets a foothold in Middle Eastern oil, it may soon give the Anti-Trust Division an assist in Washington by challenging the cartel's monopoly prices. The Soviet Union has doubled its oil production in the five years ending in 1957, and expects to double it again by 1962.

As the Washington *Post* remarks editorially, "The severity of the (potential) oil crisis could be alleviated by more attention to alternate sources, more development of oil shales in this country and elsewhere, more sensible oil import and trade policies and the like." If this advice were followed, the knotty problem of what to do with Canadian and Venezuelan oil might be solved automatically.

Our "gunboat diplomacy" in the Middle East has alienated public opinion in most of the free world. In South America, several countries —notably Argentina and Brazil—are offended because the United States has prohibited loans for a government-operated oil industry. (But if the majority interest in British oil operations is government-owned, it does not seem to matter to us.) In Venezuela, our assiduous courtship of Dictator Perez Jimenez, favorite of the oil companies, brought us the unparalleled humiliation of seeing our Vice President and his wife spat upon in the streets.

WHAT prompts the State Department to adopt policies so disastrous to the moral leadership and prestige of the United States? In the Congressional debate which followed our military intervention in Lebanon, oil was hardly mentioned. When the Eisenhower Doctrine was debated in 1956, however, a few of the hardier souls got down to basic issues. Senator Kefauver was one of these. He said, "When the big oil companies take snuff, the State Department sneezes."

In a still earlier crisis, when the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency set up the coup which overthrew Prime Minister Mossadegh of Iran (*Saturday Evening Post*, November 6, 1954), Senator Hennings and others called for a Congressional investigation to determine whether the oil cartel "undermines the integrity of the ideals professed by Americans in their relations with friendly nations." He added that the existence of the cartel "tends to give substance to the Kremlin's unceasing propaganda that American interests abroad are sponsored by 'Wall Street's ambitious plans of capitalistic imperialism and exploitation of foreigners.' "

Secretary Dulles' contention that nationalization of American-owned oil properties abroad "should call for international intervention" contrasts vividly with Franklin D. Roosevelt's acquiescence in the nationalization of oil in Mexico. In Mexico a progressive middle-of-the-road economy was stimulated; today, the country sets a pattern for other countries of Latin America.

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Post-Mortem on San Francisco

Guy Daniels

THE recently-published documentary proofs that the San Francisco "Renaissance" was nothing more than a rummage sale have produced a situation reminiscent of the first days following the Molotov-Ribbentrop pact. On the one hand are those poor souls who, only yesterday, were ranking Allen Ginsberg with Whitman and who, today, are desperately twisting their words to prove that what they *really* meant was ten other things. On the other hand are the members of the "I-told-you-so" club, who are sitting back and enjoying themselves. And in between are those who keep asking, anxiously: "But wasn't there *something* to it? I mean, I never really *sympathized*. But wasn't there *some* reason for it?" Yes, all very much like 1939.

Probably the single document which corresponds most closely to the infamous pact of 1939 is a poem published in the Winter (1957-58) number of *The Partisan Review*. That document begins:

READY TO ROLL

To Mexico! To Mexico! down the dove-grey highways, past the police of atomic cities, past the fiery border to dream cantinas!

I see myself standing on the sunny metropolitan plateau, a stranger and prince on the street, dollars in my pocket, free, alone, genitals and thighs and buttocks under skin and leather.

The astounding thing about this document is not its monumental ineptitude: even more ludicrous "poems" by its author (that's right: Allen Ginsberg) and his San Francisco soulmates can be found in the Spring (1958) number of *The Chicago Review* and elsewhere. The really astounding thing is that this squeal by the author of *Howl*, whom Kenneth Rexroth has called "a poet of revolt if there ever was one," should have appeared in *The Partisan Review*, which archpublicist Rexroth has repeatedly labeled "The Enemy."

But if the San Francisco "rebels" were quick to make common cause with this Enemy, they were even quicker to surrender without a sign of struggle to an even bigger Enemy: Madison Avenue. By now, even the Zen-engendered serenity of Mr. Rexroth is giving way to anxiety over the collapse on this broad front, as witness the admonition with which he closes a recent (April 28th) article in *The Nation*: "Be very careful you don't become what Madison Avenue wants every artist to be — a wild man."

But this fluffy note of anxiety blown by Jazz-Poet Rexroth is a relatively new sound, and is heard only rarely. For the most part he is still jubilant as he recounts over and over again, how San Francisco saved poetry for America.

Rexroth's is by all odds the most widely-circulated account of the rather startling developments which have taken place in American poetry during the past couple of years. Therefore, any attempt to interpret those developments and give a prognosis for the health of the American Muse (the purpose of this essay), must include a brief recapitulation of the Tale Told by Rexroth.

The time is the latter part of 1956. As the tale opens, we see a desolate landscape, with much barbed wire in evidence. The Land of Poesy, one of the "realms of gold" of which John Keats once sang, has fallen upon evil times and become an Occupied Country. Wheresoever one looks, one sees the stony, bespectacled faces of the occupation troops (academic critics and poets drilled by Master Sgt. T. S. Eliot). And at one's back one always hears the heavy iambic trâmp, trámp of their boots as they patrol the pages of the literary quarterlies, armed with Seven Types of Ambiguity.

But every Occupied Country has its Underground, and the Land of Poesy was no exception. This Underground consisted chiefly of poets loyal to the memory of Good King Walt. They had their headquarters in San Francisco, and a clandestine radio hookup with Black Mountain College. (Apparently, they also had a few fifth columnists on Madison Avenue, but this has never been avowed.) Quite suddenly one night, at a secret signal from a saxophone, the underground poets rose up with their poetry-jazz and discomfited the Philistines in their chariots. By the time the next *New Directions* annual had appeared, the Philistines had been completely routed and the Land of Poesy was once again a realm of gold, with San Francisco its silver-spired capital.

Such is the Tale, as told in *The Nation, New World Writing, New Directions, The Evergreen Review, Esquire*, etc.* But it is only one account. There is another version of the story — one rather fragmentarily told in the conservative quarterlies. This version, too, has a happy ending (indeed, it goes Hollywood one better by having a happy *beginning* as well); but in all other respects it is the exact opposite of the tale we have just heard.

ACCORDING to this version the Land of Poesy was, in the year 1956, a smiling, prosperous realm with an ancient and revered capital known variously as Kenyon College and Gambier, Ohio. So abundant were the harvests of poems from the campuses, and so righteously did the poets walk in the ways of their New Critic fathers, that it was *almost* a Golden Age. In fact, it *would* have been a true Golden Age were it not for an occasional annoying cacophony borne to one's ears on the west wind.

However, an almost-Golden Age was still pretty good: certainly it was better than anything *Europe* could boast of. And as for that annoying cacophony, well, one resignedly supposed that bad poets, like the poor, would always be with one. Still, it would have been *much* more pleasant if. . . .

Then, lo! the *if* became a reality! Miraculously, the demons inhabiting the bad poets did make them to perform all manner of mad revels whereat they were espied by *Life* photographers. And now they have all become nightclub entertainers, and hence permanently exiled from the Land of Poesy, which has entered into its true Golden Age.

For all their fancifulness, there is a good deal of truth in each of these tales. To take the second one first, I agree that most of the noise coming from San

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*Interestingly enough, the same issue of *The Nation* that contained Rexroth's famous (infamous?) "Mature Bohemians" article, also carried the only really moderate review of Allen Ginsberg's *Howl* (by M. L. Rosenthal) that I have seen.

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Francisco is cacophony. Also, I am inclined to regard nightclub entertaining as a form of (self-) exile from the realm of gold (though by no means from the gold of the realm). About the perfect state of poetry in America, however, I'm not so sure.

The Tale Told by Rexroth is not so simply disposed of. It contains (as I believe) a pretty large piece of the truth —but a piece from which several distorting protuberances must be hewn away. At the same time, its omissions are vast. Such a situation is a clear invitation to comment, and that is precisely what I purpose to do for the remainder of this essay. I shall try to answer some of the anxious questions of the in-betweeners mentioned in my first paragraph, plus one more that is frequently heard these days. Namely: "Why were so many apparently intelligent people taken in by this San Francisco thing?"

FIRST, to the hewing. The general description of American poetry as an occupied country (prior to 1956) is, I think, accurate in most respects. (The figure of the occupied country is my own; but it is merely the logical corollary of the widely-used expression, "underground poetry.") True, there is considerable exaggeration (not to mention bad taste) in Rexroth's repeated references to certain poets, critics and quarterlies as The Enemy. After all, several of the academic poets are decidedly unprofessorial and free-wheeling when they have a mind to be (Roethke, Ciardi), and there is more social consciousness in Robert Lowell than in any ten San Francisco poets. As for the "enemy" quarterlies, their policy of discrimination is (was) not quite so rigid as Rexroth makes it out to be.

Nonetheless, it is certainly true that prior to 1956 most of the big quarterlies and the anthologies were controlled — as many of them still are — by partisans of academic poetry. In other words, a poetry written by professors: one that is preëminently "polite," exclusive rather than inclusive, inclined toward formalism and (usually) heavily indebted to the New Criticism. Moreover, many of these quarterlies indulged gluttonously in articles with titles like "John Doe on Richard Roe on Donne's Prosody."

All this criticism of criticism of criticism, and this very polite poetry in an age of rather impolite bombs, could not help but exasperate anyone with even a modicum of social awareness and emotional needs. It was precisely this exasperation which led many critics and poetry-readers to embrace (in the dark, and with their eyes closed) the "wild poetic vision" of the San Francisco School.

But *long before that*—and this is one of the gaping omissions in Rexroth's tale—this same exasperation on the part of many practicing poets and editors had set in motion the movement which came to be known as the Underground. For several years, pretty much all over America's little mag circuit, but predominantly in the West, poet-editors like James Boyer May of Los Angeles (*Trace* magazine), Leslie Woolf Hedley of San Francisco (*Inferno* magazine and Inferno Press), William Margolis of Berkeley (*Miscellaneous Man* magazine), and Lilith Lorraine of Alpine, Texas (*Flame* magazine) had been active in this movement.

During this early period (roughly, from 1950 to 1956) the battle lines were clearly drawn between Academe and the Underground. Few, indeed, were the neutral zones where the belligerents could meet face to face, as they could in that little literary Switzerland, *The Beloit Poetry Journal*. Later on, however, several new magazines with an equally catholic editorial policy emerged. Some of them, like *Whetstone* (Philadelphia, 1955), *Coastlines* (Los Angeles, 1955) and *Mutiny* (New York, 1956) were very much "little" magazines. But others, like *The Colorado Review* (Fort Collins, 1956) and *The Literary Review* (Teaneck, N.J., 1957) were big enough in both circulation and format to challenge the older quarterlies successfully.

Forbidden Equation

Danger! Danger!
Dream lone not too lone. . . .
    Or find how, lonely dreaming,
one may drift to awful knowing:
valenced, no one drifts alone. . . .
How all turn . . . and comprehensive,
all, in merging ambient spheres,
    encentered, yet untouching . . .
blue *montage*, shown only real. . . .
    O! sightless visions, timeless
multiples of love.

Falling, falling,
OPEN, where all those,
    as others, darkly fractioned,
see no blue-lit limitless and
luminous abyss—but know.
WHAT is known to them? Just swaddling
sheets of mists, blown falsely vast,
    from births maturing loneness—
frames of finite sequences. . . .
    O! then, so blessed with knowing,
death's sole means to tell.

JAMES BOYER MAY

In the meantime, there was a change of editorship at *Poetry* and it, too, became more catholic.

N.B. By "catholic editorial policy" I mean something more than merely the occasional inclusion of a maverick poet. Thus *The Beloit Poetry Journal* some months ago published a special issue devoted to the American Underground and the British Movement (Winter, 1957-58), while Vol. 1, #1 of *The Colorado Review* (Fall, 1956) was widely hailed for effecting the first significant "confrontation" of East Coast poets and the West Coast Underground. Likewise, the editors of *The Literary Review*, while being most generous toward Academe, have at the same time been bold enough to devote an entire issue (forthcoming, Winter 1958-59) to the decidedly unacademic poet and playwright, Gil Orlovitz.

ALL THIS is familiar history to most West Coast poets and quite a few in the East; yet it was entirely ignored in the big-magazine coverage of the San Francisco affair. So far as I know, the Underground as a whole received extended mention in only *one* Eastern magazine; namely, in *The Nation*, where Lawrence Lipton published, in 1956, a series of articles on what he calls "Disaffiliation." (Unfortunately for Mr. Lipton and his movement, most of the poets he named in his articles — e.g., James Boyer May, Leslie Woolf Hedley, Gil Orlovitz, William Pillin — subsequently disaffiliated from Disaffiliation.)

It now becomes apparent that the San Francisco earthquake of 1956-57 was only a late phase of a seismographic phenomenon which had been building up for a long time. Moreover, this late phase was far from being characteristic of the underground movement as a whole. By that I mean that, Rexroth and Ferlinghetti excepted, the poets who are known as "the San Francisco School" (according to Jack Kerouac, they are: Ginsberg, Kerouac, Rexroth, Ferlinghetti, McClure, Corso, Snyder, Lamantia and Whalen) played a negligible role in the Underground. Generally, they had written and published very little poetry at all, before making their debut in the picture magazines.

Why, then, were so many "apparently intelligent people" taken in?

First of all, I think we must recognize that despite all their protestations to the contrary, a good many American "intellectuals" are (quite naturally, after all) impressed by publicity in *Life* magazine and some of the other slicks. Witness the number of quarterlies which, formerly contemptuous of the San Fran-

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cisco wild men, have opened their pages to these unruly delinquents now that *Life, Esquire,* etc., have made them Names.

Second — and more important in the long run — is exasperation with the "Little Lord Fauntleroy" school of polite poetry. Wearied by cautious, contrived verse, and emotionally starved after years of this jejune diet, they clutched desperately at "SF poetry" as at a straw through which they might suck some of the juice of life. Their really desperate state is clearly indicated by the "rage for rage" which runs through all of the favorable reviews of San Francisco poetry. Thus Mr. Frederick Eckman, reviewing Allen Ginsberg's *Howl* in *Poetry*, was brought in his extremity to state with some naïveté: "The question of literary merit is almost irrelevant."

ALMOST, but not quite. And since (perhaps unfortunately) literary merit will always be "relevant" to a work of literature, I'm afraid we must ask the critics, however desperate their own rage for rage, to withhold their recommendations until they have looked long and hard enough to find a work that has both rage *and* literary merit.

The critic who is willing to do this rather arduous job of searching for us is, of course, a rare bird. But let us assume we had had a really hard-working critic on duty at the time of the San Francisco explosion. (So far as I can see, we had none such.) What would he have done?

Well, for one thing, he would not simply have sat back and tittered contemptuously at the whole thing. Why not? The poetry was mostly pretty awful, wasn't it? Yes, of course it was. But the fact remains that conditions had to be pretty bad before that explosion took place. Moreover, at least a few of the San Francisco poets were trying sincerely (however ineptly) to say things that needed saying.

A hard-working critic, then, would have taken due note of the conditions which produced the San Francisco explosion (the aridity, orthodoxy and inaccessibility of academic poetry), after which he would have dismissed the "SF poets" with an E for Effort and gone in search of the real thing. Or, if he were the ideal critic, he wouldn't have found it necessary to make a search at all. He would have known beforehand (from looking at *The Beloit Poetry Journal, Whetstone, Inferno, The Colorado Review*, etc.) the work of several underground poets where true poetic "rage" was fused with (relevant) literary merit.

This is not really so arduous as it sounds — the work of detection, I mean. In fact, even the critic who ordinarily disdains to look at these unannointed "off-beat" magazines might reasonably be expected, upon encountering the superlative sonnets and lyrics of a Gil Orlovitz in some of the "approved" magazines, to take up the scent and pursue the quarry into the brambles of the little mags. If he were to do so he would find, to his delight and our own gratitude, that a full measure of "rage" is not incompatible with high poetic achievement. And the same procedure would yield fruitful results in the case of several other underground poets: Leslie Woolf Hedley, James Boyer May, William Pillin, Thomas McGrath, Curtis Zahn, George Abbe, Henry Birmbaum, *et al.* Or, for that matter, a poet like William Stafford, who though he has sinned grievously in the eyes of his West Coast compatriots by appearing in "enemy" quarterlies like *The Hudson Review*, has written some of the most quietly (and often, wittily) effective "poetry of protest" of recent years.

All this is not to suggest that "underground" poetry offers us total salvation. On the contrary, much of it suffers from a certain cantankerousness precisely because it *is* so much concerned with revolt. Moreover, some of these militantly rebellious poets (including several in San Francisco) practice a curious kind of literary guilt-by-association. To them, all "culture" is contaminated from contact with the New Critics. Consequently, they resolutely refuse to be literate.

This, I think, is just one more symptom of the great division in American poetry which dates back to Poe and Whitman, and which has grown even wider in our own day, with (roughly) the academicians continuing the tradition of Poe, and the Underground the tradition of Whitman. In a sense, however, the "San Francisco Renaissance" may have helped to narrow this gap a bit by means of the self-exile of the wildest to the nightclubs. If so, perhaps we can look forward to more of that poetry which represents a fusion of these two traditions: the strength and all-inclusiveness of Whitman, plus Poe's sense of form—preferably filtered through the Eliot-Pound heritage.

In the meantime, we must not forget to be grateful to the nightclub entertainers: to a very few of them (like Kenneth Patchen) for miraculously keeping the poetry in poetry-jazz; to the rest, for gracefully retiring from poetic practice; and to all of them for helping to remove the stigma from a bad word (poetry) by coupling it with a good word (jazz).

The Orator and the Constable

DEMOCRACY AND CATHOLICISM IN AMERICA. By Currin V. Shields. McGraw-Hill Book Company, Inc. 310 pp. $5.

Walter Kaufmann

ON THE jacket to Currin Shields's book we are told that it is "an answer to Paul Blanshard's *American Freedom and Catholic Power*"[1] and an "incisive critique"—apparently of Blanshard. The author makes no comparable claim but refers to Blanshard twice. The first time he calls him "the high priest of American anti-Catholicism" and ridicules the "near-hysterical charge that 'Catholic power' . . . threatens to destroy 'the American way of life.'" The second time he says:

> Certainly Blanshard's virulent attacks against the Church are reminiscent of the hysterical anti-Semitic propaganda that the Nazis engaged in. In his *American Freedom and Catholic Power* (1949) Blanshard goes so far as to impute to Catholicism certain teachings which the Church has never endorsed, in fact views which prominent Catholic officials have explicitly disavowed, even condemned. What Blanshard mistakenly assumes to be "Catholicism" is for the most part, it seems, what Blanshard opposes rather than what Catholics favor.

From a critique, incisive or not, one might expect a substantiation of such charges; but Shields does not make the slightest effort to do this. His book, in spite of its twenty-three pages of Bibliographical Notes (there are no footnotes) does not meet Blanshard's on the plane of painstaking documentation. The au-

1. A "second edition, revised and enlarged," has just been published by the Beacon Press. 402 pp. $3.95.

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thor describes to us "the Westside Civic Improvement League which meets the first Monday of every month at the Westside Elementary School" — then, after two-and-a-half pages of this, comments: "You have never before heard about the Westside Civic Improvement League. For that matter, neither have I." But he is writing—all this is from the preface—"for people who are members of organizations like the Westside Civic Improvement League." That leaves out a lot of us, but sets the folksy, crew-cut tone for the rest of the book.

SHIELDS is, he tells us, neither a Catholic nor an anti-Catholic, but an American Democrat. His central thesis is that Democracy and Catholicism are entirely compatible, though they in no way entail each other; but Liberalism is "the creed and movement both the Catholic and the Democrat reject." That Liberalism and Catholicism are incompatible will be news to Robert D. Cross, also a non-Catholic, who has just published a carefully documented study, with sixty-seven pages of notes and, in addition, an impressive bibliography, on *The Emergence of Liberal Catholicism in America*.[2] According to Shields, however, Democracy is not merely incompatible with Liberalism, but "the Democratic movement in this country arose in reaction against Liberal beliefs and practices about the exercise of authority."

Liberalism is never defined, but it gradually becomes clear that the American Constitution was drafted by a lot of Liberals and embodies many Liberal principles. Moreover, Liberal principles flourished during the administrations of Presidents George Washington and John Adams; John Marshall was a Liberal, too. Jackson was a Democrat. Thus Shields calls Liberal the very men whom Peter Viereck has long called Conservative, and gives no reason for using the term the way he does. One gathers that since World War II the word Liberal has become an opprobrium.

Shields shows exceedingly little understanding of Democracy, of Catholicism, and of Liberalism; but his confusions are sufficiently widespread today to merit at least brief analysis. He is clearest on Democracy. It means rule by the people, and there are three Democratic principles:

> (1) that authority to make decisions binding on the members is located in the group itself; (2) that in arriving at a group decision, each member counts for one and no more than one; and (3) that the group's decision is finally determined by a vote of a majority.

What is in line with these principles is Democratic; what is not, is not Democratic.

It would seem to follow that the organization and the decision-making of the Catholic church are thoroughly un-Democratic, and that the American way of political life is somewhat un-Democratic, too. The latter point is admitted, and stressed, by the author:

> The American political system designed in 1787 at Philadelphia was not intended to be Democratic; the founders of our constitutional scheme deliberately sought to curb the rule of the people. During a century and a half of American political development, reform groups have struggled to change features of our political system to make it conform more closely to Democratic principles. These struggles have not yet ended. Despite the impressive achievements of such movements . . . some distinctive features of our political system do violence to Democratic principles.

For example, "the practice of judicial review." (33f.; cf. 225ff.) Also, it would seem, having a Bill of Rights which cannot simply be set aside by a majority vote.

It is implicit in Shields's conception of Democracy that the majority has every right to decide what the people may read, how they shall worship, and how their lives are to be regulated in the utmost detail, provided only that the majority should decide to regulate these matters. If the Catholic church were willing to wait until a majority of the American people went along with its policies before it laid down the law for all of us, then Shields would have to say that it was being completely Democratic.

To make the United States "Democratic" in Shields's sense of the word, abandoning our "un-Democratic" heritage of Liberalism, which he scorns, would eliminate all safeguards against the destruction of "the American way of life."

SHIELDS's treatment of Catholicism is admirably sympathetic, but completely blind to the issues that concern Blanshard and others who think that, if Catholicism ever became the religion of half, or anywhere near half, of the American people, it would spell the end of our traditional liberties.

Lament for Our Failure To Improve on Ancient Skills

No new ways to bring death on
have been invented.

Great Charles or the Khan
were equals at it;
excellently letting life
unwrist itself.

Alex could belly a spear
with the best, and, my Lord,
Peter was accomplished!

They were all good,
the old masters.

Even if any diplomatic fellow
can pull the plug out
of the world now,
with that gratifying guggle
old enamel tubs make
when unstopped,
there's no art in it.

W. H. Gass

These shortcomings of his lengthy analyses of Democracy and Catholicism deprive the book of its point. Since unsupported slights against Liberalism are the order of the day, one final illustration may show how completely this author fails to understand his whipping boy.

To show that Liberalism is "a bundle of logical inconsistencies which cannot be concealed in practice," he takes us back to

> the Westside Civic Improvement League. I decide to exercise my right of free speech by exhorting the membership to burn you at the nearest stake because you practice a religion I do not like. I charge that you are a menace to the community, that you are corrupting the youth, that you are inhabited by the spirit of the devil, and that everyone who associates with you is risking eternal damnation. The constable of the peace hears the commotion, enters the meeting, decides enough is enough, and off he hustles me to jail. But being a good Liberal who believes in individual rights, I protest the constable's high-handed action.

Here, allegedly, "is a real dilemma for the Liberal." Should the government protect your "religious freedom" or my "right of free speech"?

Shields fails to see that a Liberal would disapprove both of the orator and of the constable. The latter, according to the Liberal, has no right whatsoever to arrest the speaker unless a clear and present danger is demonstrated — e.g.,

[2] Harvard University Press. 328 pp. $5.50.

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that the rhetoric may lead to a lynching bee or a riot which, once allowed to start, could not be stopped in time.

This brings us back to Shields's irresponsible comparison of Paul Blanshard's book with "the hysterical anti-Semitic propaganda that the Nazis engaged in." The whole atmosphere of Blanshard's books is completely unhysterical. He calls not for lynching, not for some sort of Inquisition, not for any kind of religious persecution, but for discussion of important issues which too many people refuse to consider dispassionately. People prefer to counter with emotional charges of bigotry or, like Shields, with insulting and misleading comparisons.

Author Bites Critic

MAN IN MODERN FICTION. By Edmund Fuller. Random House. 171 pp. $3.50.

Nelson Algren

EDMUND FULLER is an Ivy-League Calvinist whose specialty appears to be the divination of the wellsprings of True Compassion in recent American letters.

"There is no true compassion in these modern works," is his final verdict, "the degraded, the criminal, the anti-social are sentimentalized over, wept over, identified with."

Somebody must have knocked just then—the sentence is unfinished, but the warning still rings clear: avoid shabby companions. Forget Walt Whitman saying, "I belong to those convicts and prostitutes myself/Henceforth I will not deny them/For how can I deny myself?" Or Scott Fitzgerald crying out, "Why was I identified with the very objects of my horror and compassion?" Or such mere sentimentalities as David Copperfield — we've had enough of valentines and tears. What is needed, it seems, is the dry-eyed chap who can coldly stand aside and coldly create. Flaubert, let us say, modeling Madame Bovary. But no, that won't do either—"just to look on non-committally and shrug — this is not compassion."

Compassion hot or compassion cold, he's got you either way, this waterish boy.

"You have to be a pervert or a savage," he decides, "to elicit sympathy."

Now we're getting somewhere: compassion is too good for some people. It's not for the unloved, the lost or the badly-mannered. It's a dividend distributed to the well-adjusted, those who sleep safe from the beetles and the rain, who rise to tote the brief case that earns respect, down to the office space occupied by the righteous.

"Oh, undeniably, much of the horrible picture they [modern writers] draw is true," he explains in his own strange tongue, "in the sense that it *exists*." In what sense it might be true and not exist at all he doesn't indicate. "What I object to," he objects to, "is the writer who offers me the world's horrors and offers no solution."

Actually I don't recall offering this fellow either horrors or joys. I have not yet written a novel in the explicit hope of pleasing him. But his demand for a solution has a familiar ring: this is the same condition the Communist press here once imposed upon salvation: kindly attach profile of the future with each contribution or be damned with the damned bourgeoisie.

Yet the great pride of American letters in this century has been the light it has thrown upon routine American lives, in which horror is lived through by the day; from *Maggie* to Blanche DuBois.

FULLER flatly refutes an old friend of mine, Frankie Machine, because he is a frightening character, without alternatives, without a larger frame of reference. "I declare these to be false implications of society. . . . You see," he explains, "the question of whether a writer's picture of life is true or false is very important to me."

I declare Fuller to be a false implication, period. How in the name of sense is a gingerbread boy popping out of a ribbon-bound cookie-box, a jack-in-the-box with a beard, to tell what is true and what is false of any aspect of American life? What can he know of the millions who live out their lives behind numbered doors in the nation of furnished rooms? Or of those penthouse lives where a superfluity of luxuries is companioned by such a dearth of emotional necessities?

Of course Frankie had no alternatives: that was the very reason I wrote about him. His frame of reference was the street he worked on, the army he served in and the needle he died by.

I think that Frankie would be pleased to know he had finally frightened somebody. It doesn't take much, it appears, to frighten a Fuller. Yet actually, if Fuller walked into the bar where Frankie and his friends once drank, with his beard, his degree and his true or false questionnaire, he'd be easily the most sinister party in the joint. They were men and women like men and women everywhere, with a little less luck than most. But they knew a fink when they saw one.

"But doesn't Christ preach forgiveness of sins?" he is asked. "Why shouldn't the modern artist forgive too?"

"Compassion and mercy, if they mean anything at all, *follow* judgment," is

NELSON ALGREN is the author of The Man With the Golden Arm *and* A Walk on the Wild Side.

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the answer to *that*. He throws the book at the accused, tells the next of kin "I'm sorry" and says: "call *that* mercy."

The tools of Frankie Machine's trade were a deck and a cue, and he mastered both. The tools of the critic's trade would seem to be lucidity of thought, liberality of spirit and a decent command of his native tongue. Fuller's thought is larded, his liberality befits a railroad dick anxious to make a pinch, and his English is ambiguous.

As Frankie might say to Sparrow: "life isn't like that."

The Lost Audience

THE SUNDIAL. By Shirley Jackson. Farrar, Straus and Cudahy. 245 pp. $3.75.

THE GREAT DAYS. By John Dos Passos. Sagamore Press. 312 pp. $4.50.

David L. Stevenson

SHIRLEY JACKSON'S *The Sundial* and John Dos Passos' *The Great Days*, both published early this spring, give one the impression of novels striven for but not quite attained. *The Sundial* is an extended and much more complex fantasy than Miss Jackson's most famous story, *The Lottery*. It is a horror comic for intellectuals, the intelligibility of which is dependent, at least in part, upon one's knowledge of this writer's previous, and less abstract, psychological fiction. And *The Great Days* is only a torso of a novel. It is Dos Passos' *Timon of Athens*, perhaps; his misanthropic lament for the vanished social awareness of the 30s and 40s when his own individual social conscience was alive and flourishing in *U.S.A.* But both novels have a special claim on our attention because of the stature of their writers. They are symptomatic, I think, of the truly serious novelist's difficulties in imagining and finding a suitably complementary audience for his art in the present days of sluggish cultural drift. When he attempts to create autonomous and richly satisfying images of human desires and fulfillments, he may give us, instead, the thin contrivances of his enervation (Miss Jackson), or the waste products of his private anger (Dos Passos).

The Sundial is an artist's abstraction, based on familial themes found less nakedly in Miss Jackson's earlier novel *Hangsaman* (1951), and especially in her short story "The Lovely House" (1952). It is a macabre and comical morality of the human id, in which all the characters are articulate and capable of decision only at the level of their most primitive wishes for power, their subliminal feelings of hate, greed, lust. The central character of *The Sundial* is a Mrs. Halloran, a Medea of the tea table and the cocktail hour, dictator of her little kingdom, a well-tended, walled-in country estate. She has dispatched and buried her only son who was a possible challenge to her power. She has reduced her husband to wheel-chair impotence, and has assumed full control over the day-to-day lives of her ménage: a daughter-in-law, a granddaughter, a sister-in-law and a few servant-companions. The novel's action is slight, and revolves about prophecies uttered by the sister-in-law that all the world outside the Halloran estate will be destroyed. It ends with Mrs. Halloran's murder, presumably by her cheerfully greedy granddaughter and legal heir, and with the assembling of the remaining characters to await the oncoming holocaust.

One may take a certain giddy pleasure in Miss Jackson's cold mirroring of everyman's hidden, mad notion that *he* will survive though the rest of the world disappear, that *his* ego is all that really exists. One may also note that *The Sundial* is excellent of its kind. It is as carefully contrived as Tennessee Wilians' *The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone* or Jean Stafford's *The Catherine Wheel* for a restricted audience of intellectuals, discretely bored by all radical concern with large problems of elemental probity. It is as carefully directionless, as evasive a fantasy, as Truman Capote's *The Grass Harp*. Its comedy, which depends upon the boldness and the innocence of its characters' preying upon one another, exists in the separate scenes and does not accumulate any unnecessarily raw vigor as the novel proceeds. But the cultivated emotional debilitation permeating *The Sundial* seems to have irritated rather than to have charmed its first reviewers this spring, and one is tempted to think that we have now had a surfeit of elegant sensibility and formal artistry in fiction. One wonders if, to Miss Jackson's dismay, the small audience brought into being with Truman Capote's *Other Voices, Other Rooms* (1948)—an audience of superb detachment and restrained enthusiasm, fascinated by verbal designs for emotion, rather than by emotion itself—has grown restless and walked away.

IF *The Sundial* marks the end of a decade of delicately phrased fictional toying with the nuances of the human predicament, Dos Passos' *The Great Days* is a reminder that the monumental sociological novel written between the wars has been moribund, now, for almost twenty years. Faulkner's *Intruder in the Dust*, it is true, was a deliberate fictional treatment of the racial problem in the South, as were the more recent and much more didactic *The Big Boxcar* by Alfred Maund, and *Deadline* by Paul Darcy Boles. But these novels, narrowly propagandistic, are obviously of lesser intent and achievement than such old masterpieces as *U.S.A.*, *The Grapes of Wrath*, *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, and not the revival of a pre-war genre.

The Great Days is really a nostalgic monologue given the shape of a novel. It has but one fully developed character, Roland Lancaster, an aging journalist in a belted raincoat of the 30s, whose reminiscences of the exciting tempo and mood of America up to the end of World War II make up the bulk of the book. It is set in time present, and its small action concerns Lancaster's squandering the last of his bank account on a long weekend in Havana, hoping through sex and drink to recapture a sense of belonging in today's world. At the novel's end, he faces up to the bleak fact that he is an outsider, that he has outlived both his youth when his private life had meaning, and the age of political experiment when a journalist's commitments were part of a coherent society. His feelings of outrage and defeat make

DAVID L. STEVENSON teaches contemporary literature at Western Reserve University He is the author of The Love-Game Comedy.

Her Love As a North

There is nothing no nothing like it
The pomegranate not set
With the sweet pod split
Nor the carapace of vines,
Full and over,
On the convent wall.
Everything here is sharp
Hard come-by
But deliberate
Like fieldrock brown
Against the turning blade.
Within the deliberation of her love
Her hair is butternut
She has the winter of content
The need against
The locked white taken.

RALPH GUSTAFSON

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The Great Days more of a memoir than a novel. His survival into a new world where his function is gone, suggests that Dos Passos himself, as the great fictional-journalist of *The 42nd Parallel, 1919,* and *The Big Money,* has outlived the time when his novels clearly held for his readers, in Lancaster's words, "the diagnostic finger on the pulse of power."

THE "achieved content" of Dos Passos' trilogy *U.S.A.,* along with Sinclair Lewis' *Main Street* and *Babbitt,* Fitzgerald's *The Great Gatsby,* Steinbeck's *In Dubious Battle* and *The Grapes of Wrath,* Hemingway's *A Farewell to Arms, To Have and Have Not,* and *For Whom the Bell Tolls,* was sociological in the largest sense of the word. This fiction written between the wars created usable points of view, large images of American life, for a generation eager for instruction, anxious to lose its provincial morality, its political and cultural innocence. But for today's serious reader, the novelist-as-spokesman has lost utility. The tone of protest and regret which pervades *The Great Days* is, I think, Dos Passos' acknowledgment of this fact.

The Sundial may mark the obsolescence of its kind of writing, and the novel of social awareness is obviously dead. We do have a body of significant post-World War II fiction, but it would be difficult to name a common denominator for the novels written by the new young men, and equally difficult to isolate the kind of response to their work made by the new audience which they have found. Is there some shared element in Mailer's *The Naked and the Dead,* Algren's *The Man with the Golden Arm,* Bellow's *Augie March,* Salinger's *Catcher in the Rye,* Styron's *Lie Down in Darkness,* Gold's *The Man Who Was Not With It?* "Disenchantment" is tempting, but not quite right. Perhaps one could call it a piercing awareness of the contemporary individual's need for a coherent identity, his need to explore the possibilities of self in a time present, overly conscious of the chanciness of event. At any rate, the novels of these young writers, unlike those of their forbears, do not offer salvation through understanding large issues. Their work, being strictly unsociological (even that of Algren, I think), is rarely mentioned on editorial pages. And, with the possible exception of Salinger's fiction, it is not part of the general discourse of their audience. Today's serious reader, as nearly as one can tell, broods over his serious fiction in private.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

THE PROGRAM of Eugene Ionesco's one act plays, *The Bald Soprano* and *Jack,* at the Sullivan Street Playhouse interested and entertained me. The question raised by most people who have seen Ionesco's plays here, in London and in Paris is, "Are they a manifestation of a significant new dramatic personality or mere French flummery?"

The first thing that strikes me about Ionesco's work is its theatricality. What Ionesco does is to take ideas which are now in the air—some people would say à la mode—and make arrestingly vivid stage images of them. The effect in general is usually macabre and witty while the writing is both sprightly and sharp with overtones of pathos.

Overlong, *The Bald Soprano* illustrates the featureless inanity of lower middle-class domestic relations: the lack of connection between man and wife, among neighbors and between individuals and their ordinary environment. Men and women today, Ionesco implies, hardly recognize each other, especially if they have lived together a long time: their homes are blank spots in space and all live in mechanical response to one another and to the world. The fashionable word for this state of being is alienation.

Kafka gave this mood its classically contemporary expression. The surrealists have added something to Ionesco's palette and the perennial Parisian flair for spicy nonsense (nonsense may have meaning) has added to the recipe.

Jack is a fiercer, rather than funnier, variation on the basic theme. It is also more ambiguous, for Ionesco will not be pinned down so that anything altogether precise may be deciphered in his plays. There is a constantly waggish elusiveness to avoid any completely rational or logical connotation. This adds an element of mystery (or mystification) to the picture.

Jack might be called The Family Nags the Son Into Marriage. After the discontented and uncommunicative boy has been bullied into seeing his prospective bride—child of a rich bourgeois household—and he begins to speak with her, she overcomes his reluctance or fear by a wild outburst of erotic wooing to which he finally succumbs. At the end we see him prostrate under the solemnly ritualistic gaze of both families. Has sexual contact with his bride killed him or has he just passed out with passion? The answer is perhaps more pertinent to a psychiatric investigator than to an audience.

All this is very colorfully communicated—the family in this instance are circus folk—and with fundamental (artistic) clarity. My saying this may strike the reader as a pose. *Godot* clear? *Endgame* clear? And now this Ionesco clear? Attentive spectators will find these plays understandable—particularly those I am now reviewing—if they do not seek to grasp every word in a literal or information-bearing sense. What must be followed is what the eyes take in (for example, the weird clock in *The Bald Soprano*) and the *line of action* in each scene. The form of the plays rather than the details of each speech carries most of the message. The speech is understandable too but in a suggestive or "symbolic" rather than a strict sense. The whole is related to meaning as we know it in contemporary painting and in modern verse. What is mainly to be noted in such a play as *Jack,* for example, is that traditional scenes from bourgeois drama with almost conventional action (the mother entreats, the

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sister reasons, the father moralizes, the boy protests, the would-be in-laws storm, the boy begins to yield, the bride cajoles, love scenes ensue, etc., etc.) are transformed into grotesqueries by the author's thematic intention and poetically stylized dialogue.

It may be difficult to determine at present whether Ionesco's plays will eventually seem more clever than truly felt. His view of life is certainly not mine. But every phase of feeling, every aspect of truth—no matter how strange—ought to find articulation in the theatre. Ionesco utters his truth in specific stage terms which are startling and often brilliant. What he has to say moreover is justified by the routine of our daily living. The lack of spiritual content in our civilization has been the major outcry of European drama since Ibsen. Ionesco has carried this idea to the climactic point of savage caricature.

BY THE time this issue of *The Nation* appears, *Othello* will no longer be playing at the *free* Shakespeare Festival in Central Park, but will have given way to a new production there of *Twelfth Night*. The interesting thing to be remarked about the *Othello* production was that, though its press reception was less enthusiastic than that accorded the productions which preceded it, many hundreds were turned away at every performance. Once a worthy theatrical institution establishes itself—particularly outside the commercial theatre centers—interest is cumulative so that an audience comes to such an institution because of its policy rather than because of the merit of the individual show. Which is as it should be.

The same is happily true of the Shakespeare Theatre at Stratford, Conn., where attendance has been good this season without the aid of "name" players (Katharine Hepburn, etc.).

The latest production there—*The Winter's Tale*—let us call it Will Shakespeare's merry prank—is a pretty and pleasing one. In this play Shakespeare, on the verge of retirement and the dreamy reconciliation with life voiced in *The Tempest*, toys with old themes—jealousy, etc.—and the various tricks and dodges of his craft. In the first part of the play Shakespeare seems to be returning to some ancient ache and then changes his mind, whimsically shrugs his shoulders and proceeds to make a joke of it all. Or was he kidding all along?

Two Nancys—Wickwire and Marchand (Hermione and Paulina, respectively)—struck me as particularly good in a generally amiable company.

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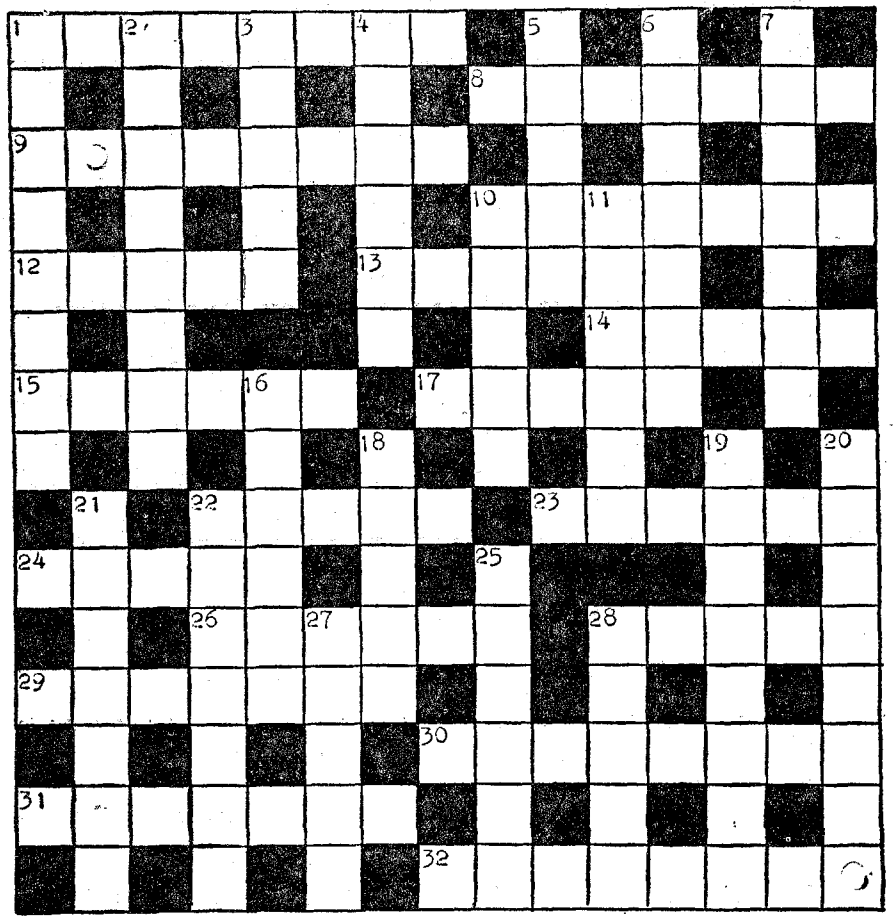
Crossword Puzzle No. 781

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Such a person might be surprised to look other than traditionally 20. (4-4)
9 Sticking to the last. (8)
10 A sort of ball that might be fielded, but running it is probably not the skipper's intention. (7)
12 It might mark the beginning of a relatively new development. (5)
13 Is a man so disturbed by the purest of his type? (6)
14 Struck with an important occasion in mind? (5)
15 and 26 Adder found in New Delhi at the time of its fall? (6,6)
17 Turnpikes? (Associated with the heads of the military forces.) (5)
22 Caesar didn't imply his friend was unthinking! (5)
23 and 28 Pardon me, but your vacation is so obvious! (2,4,5)
24 This might be a relief, in a small way. (5)
29 Common carrier? (7)
30 With this done, even the most happy fella is out of sorts. (8)
32 Bronte's sweetest flower. (8)

DOWN:

1, 5, 31, 2 and 8 Not exactly questions of parental anxiety, with the answers three strikes and zero. (5,3,3,2,3,4,3,3,2,7)
3 10 across without a case of heart trouble? (5)
4 Sterne's other name. (6)
6 Not exactly intended for the heads of state! (7)
7 A series of two articles is about a third man—don't trust him! (7)
10 The color of a sort of European fish? (7)
11 Branch out. (6)
16 What one might do for stuffiness suggests an insurmountable defeat. (3,3)
18 Foil what a politician has to do now and then. (5)
19 You might light, but it doesn't make it cold! (8)
20 Sir William Osler said the quest of righteousness is this. (8)
21 Soldiers welcome it—some civilians fear it. (4,3)
22 Gives what might be a prize-winning sort of pig. (7)
25 His literary year is yet to come.
27 An individual sort of nomad! (5)
28 Certainly not fast. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 780

ACROSS: 1 Kennel; 10 Nunnery; 12 Ambit; 13 Oar; 14 Young; 15 Octet; 17 Undulate; 21 Treeless; 23 Wiper; 26 Onset; 28 Bar; 29 Bails; 30 Reredos; 31 Tearing; 32 Stealing; 33 Merges.
DOWN: 1 and 25 Kangaroo Courts; 2, 16, 29 down, 4 and 11 None but the brave deserves the fair; 3 Event; 5 and 24 Enterprising; 6 Enemy; 7 Viaduct; 8 Sprigs; 9 Cynosure; 18 Discrete; 19 Law; 20 Presages; 22 Reserve; 27 and 28 Tidal basin.

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The Author Is In Jail

Jim Peck won't be available to attend any literary tea parties in honor of his forthcoming book, *We Who Would Not Kill.* He is serving a sentence in the Honolulu City Jail.

Peck was one of the five crew members of *The Golden Rule* who tried to sail into the atomic testing waters at the risk of their lives, to dramatize their protest against war and use of mass murder weapons.

Others in the crew had previously received suspended sentences for their first attempt. This was the second voyage. The others were remanded to jail, and Peck was offered a 60-day suspended sentence if he would sign probation papers that contained a *promise not to try it again.*

Peck refused.

Jim Peck has been refusing to cooperate with the warmakers and the war planners for a long time...

We Who Would Not Kill is his story. It will be published in late August, but we believe its message is so timely and its content so fascinating, that we are offering prepublication copies to readers of *The Nation.*

The individualist is all but gone in America. Most of us are terrorized by "what people will think." In wartime, our need to conform is increased a thousandfold, and it is incredible to find men with convictions so certain and courage so great that they will stand up against an outraged society to say "I will not kill."

We Who Would Not Kill is the story of what happened to a group of such men who went to jail for their beliefs during World War II. These were the men whose pacifism was so consistent that they refused not only to kill but also to do any work which would contribute toward the war.

For a few of them, the fight against man's inhumanity was continued and even intensified behind prison walls. Using Ghandi-like methods of passive resistance, they carried on a constant campaign in defense of their principles. They were subjected over and over again to the most extreme punishments available to Federal prison officials, but their techniques were ultimately effective and their accomplishments were sometimes monumental.

The story is told by a reporter in the dispassionate language of the skilled newsman. It is an inside story, for the reporter was there. He was there not as a mere observer, but at dead center of every dramatic episode. He emerges as almost unique even in this group of unusual men, for most conscientious objectors are sparked by either religious or political zeal.

Jim Peck leans not upon religion nor political cause. He is an individual, unlabeled, guided on every step by his own inner convictions. His life is an uncompromising search for a better life for all men.

His book is a prologue to peace.

To order a prepublication copy of this book use the coupon below. Do it today. Your copy of Jim Peck's *We Who Would Not Kill* will go out to you by return mail.

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